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EGYPT IN STORY AND PICTURE. X

A STUDY OF LIFE AND INCIDENT ON THE MISSION FIELD.

"Blessed be Egypt, My People."

DEAR READERS OF THE MAGAZINE:—

These true stories of life and incident in Egypt are illustrative of far-reaching influences set into motion by mission work. To read them is to be inspired and encouraged to greater effort in the Ministry of Intercession and the Ministry of Service for Egypt's millions. We have told them to you trusting that they will be an appeal for earnest prayer and practical sympathy. It is suggested to the leaders of the mission study classes that the characters in the different stories be talked about and prayed for in the meeting as you would for dear and personal friends.—Minnehaha Finney, Associate Editor for Egypt.

AN EASTER HARVEST.

It was Easter day and the early morning light called us to remember Christ with love and joy. There came the sound of voices and beneath our very windows the reapers worked. A line of busy men pulled up the grain by the root; others tied; kneeling camels received with protest their huge loads; the overseer urged all to haste; the gleaners gathered every scattered head. One little pile of sheaves was left, I know not why. In the midst of the field beneath the setting sun is a little hollow as yet untouched. In it the stalks are long with heavy heads bending or fallen. It is not ripe. They leave it now but will soon return and the richer harvest too will go and this ground also lie burned and brown in the blazing sun.

They reaped it on the Sabbath day,

this Easter Sabbath, and so near to us. The field is bare, save that hollow, and it is spared but a little longer. A strange fear fills my heart—this field is our Egypt. Death, disease, war, ignorance, false religions have reaped it root and stem, with Satan driving on. Only a few sheaves have been saved; all else is gone now save the present, a harvest rich, ripe and ready, "multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision" left only a little longer. They have gone, the former men, women, and children, and we had not thought it would be so soon. Even now come sin and superstition for another harvest. Oh, let not these dread reapers take the present also! Come quickly, gather every ripening head.

MRS. LORETTA MITCHELL HOYMAN,
Assiut, Egypt.



A DELTA WHEAT FIELD.

A Bible woman on her way to her new work in the village adjoining this wheat field.

FARIDA'S DREAM.

"The Lord's my Shepherd. I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green, He leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

The words were Arabic, the tune Egyptian, and the voice somewhat nasal. It was a boy from a village school who sang, and on an adjoining house-top a village woman heard. Some turns and inflections had been added to the quaint original that would not have passed the censor, but to the listener they constituted no defect. To her the strain was beautiful and affecting. It stood for a past that she suddenly felt strangely remote and precious, a life the door of which she had closed with her own hand, her own sin. Henceforth such songs were for others than her. She, Farida, of the evil tongue and dishonest hand, she had no right ever again to sing the songs of Zion!

Farida could not read and her knowledge of the Bible was limited. "I will remember for thee the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals" were words unknown to her. How could she dream that the Lord she worshipped treasured for her the past her memory

held dear—days when love for Him was born in her heart, when for the first time she was learning to sing and pray, drinking in Bible truths and Bible precepts and striving to put out of her life the things her new Master held evil! How eager she had been in those days, how intent on doing right! The meeting house whose threshold she had now vowed never again to cross was a place of hallowed memories. She remembered well a day spent there in fasting and prayer. It had seemed to her a day of golden hours. The poor peasant women gathered with her she had regarded as a new and sacred sisterhood and their instructor, a little blind Bible woman, as a saint on earth mysteriously linked to the unseen world. "We have been in heaven" they had said to one another simply as they disbanded.

Then had followed a Communion Sabbath when Farida confessed her Lord. It was not an impressive ceremony as you and I count such things. Much more impressive to us would have been the crowding and the dust, the countless babies, the restive dirty-faced urchins evading control and disturbing

the peace, and above all the pervasive odor of hot human flesh and unwashed garments. But Farida had been conscious of none of these things. She had made her vows in the presence of God's people. The pastor had given to her the broken bread, and committed to her hand the cup of blessing. It was the climax of experience, mysterious, thrilling, uplifting, and when at the close the others thronged around to offer their congratulations she felt herself a being set apart to a holy life of love.

This was the past that God remembered for her—the love of her espousals! "Yea though I walk through death's dark vale

Yet will I fear no ill
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still."

The Psalm seemed to mock her and she almost trembled as she listened. Ah, if she were at this moment in the valley how afraid she would be! She had no Shepherd with her. The door of hope was shut!

But why was it shut? What had gone wrong? No cataclysm had closed it but the simple, subtle temptations that come to all. It was a slow-moving tale of downward drift, a downward cooling of the fervour of love, a growing belief that sins are inevitable, evil habits excusable and holiness impossible.

And then had come a day when mixed up in a brawl with her neighbors, growing out of some trifling disagreement among their children, she had indulged loudly in the curses and bad language common on every tongue. In the height of the fray one of her opponents had flung her profession in her teeth, taunting her in a high-pitched voice with its futility.

"You belong to the meeting-house," she had screamed in scorn. "You pray and sing and go to church! You! And

what does it all amount to? You are worse than an unbeliever. It is nothing but show. Curses on your house and the house of your father! Curses on your children and your religion and your meeting-house! For our part we thank God that we are not canting hypocrites!"

Curses if pronounced in anger are terribly real to an Egyptian village woman in spite of a liberal currency that one might reasonably expect to lead to a depreciation in value. Besides all the denizens of the lane had heard the indictment for they had gathered like flies to a feast of honey at the first sound of a quarrel. Farida's resolve was instantaneous. Never again would she bring down curses on her church! No more meetings for her and no more religion! It was useless to try to be good and worse than useless to pretend to be so. She would go back to "the world, the flesh and the devil!"

Sabbath came and the church bell rang, but Farida remained at home and when enquiries were made some excuse was ready to hand. Wednesday came and she had a baking to tend to—the prayer-meeting was impossible. Another Sabbath and her husband was in the house and would not let her out. The little lies slipped off her tongue with ease and did not penetrate her conscience.

But with Farida as with all of us while certain sins were palliated there were others from which she so far had held herself aloof, and one of these was dishonesty. On her downward path this new temptation met her. There fell into her possession a bad coin, a common curse in Egypt. Why should she not experiment in a new field? Why give up Christianity without reaping some advantage from the loss? The first effort

to spend the worthless money proved a failure, but she would not be balked and that very evening she had stolen out in the gathering twilight to come home triumphant bearing in her hand a piece of cheese and in her breast a stifled conscience.



The eight blind Bible women supported by the Women's Board in Egypt.

The unblessed meal with its stolen relish was now over and her children were wrapped in innocent slumbers. Farida was alone with her sin when the school boy began to sing his tormenting song psalm. He continued lustily to its triumphant close. He sang of the goodness and mercy that follow us all the days of our life. But Farida did not recognize the sound of the swiftly following feet and as she lay down on her hard quilt and pillowed her head on still harder thoughts she had no consciousness of the presence of the Good Shepherd Who had come to restore her soul.

Through what green pastures He led her and by what still waters she rested during the first hours of that night's sleep Farida will never know, but her awaking was in the end so sudden that on the last acts of its drama of dreams the mysterious curtain of forgetfulness had no time to fall, and when the new day dawned this is what she remembered.

The village had been suddenly roused

from its drowsy, leisurely life by a cry in its lanes, "The Pasha is coming! Make everything clean!" And immediately it was as if the place was under the ban of the plague and a medical inspection imminent. Such a sweeping of courts began, such a burning of rubbish, and daubing of whitewash upon mud walls! Every inhabitant was astir and at work in a fever of expectation.

With Farida, however, curiosity soon outran fear. She slipped out of doors to see who called and at once after the manner of dreams she had forgotten the coming Pasha and the call to work and was following some one from lane to lane. He was a Stranger, this man who had aroused the village to the conditions of its houses and he walked in silence and alone, while Farida followed at a respectful distance, her little son holding her hand and keeping her company.

Presently the village was left behind. They were out in the open country and as they passed by a field where the wheat stood almost ready for harvesting her eye fell on a knife glistening in the sunshine, the point of its sharp blade buried in the earth. She seized and drew it out and continued to follow. Her little son expostulated with her. "Throw it away, mother," he pleaded, "you will hurt someone with it." But she would not be parted from her prize. "It will be useful to me," she answered carelessly, "why should I throw it away?"

From the thought of the knife the mind turns to thoughts of slaughter and it is perhaps not strange that the next link in her chain of dreams was the sight of a bloody pool from which she shrank, repelled and wondering. "Ah," thought she at length, "yesterday was the Feast of Sacrifice. Here some Muslim had

slaughtered his lamb!" And picking her way carefully she passed on.

Again her surroundings changed but the blood still haunted her. The fields had vanished and she walked now in streets, such as she had never seen, streets paved with white stones and bordered with white buildings, very marvelous and fair to her eyes, except that all along the white pavement bright red drops had fallen that puzzled and distressed her.

"I will ask my leader about this," she decided at last. "Sir, what is the meaning of this blood upon this path?" With that the Stranger stood still and stretched out to her a bleeding hand. "It was your knife that cut Me," He answered simply, "You wounded Me." And looking into His face she beheld the Christ.

Farida sat bolt upright, tingling with emotion. Christ! She had seen the Christ! He had come after her—her Shepherd!

She needed no Joseph to interpret her dream. One look into that face had made everything clear. To be ready for the great Pasha, Death, her home must be cleaned from wrong. The little sins that had seemed to her indispensable in the toil and intercourse of daily life were in the hand of her, Christ's follower, a deadly weapon wounding His hand that for her sake had been nailed to the Cross. She must make her choice between sinning and following.

But already choice seemed a thing of the past. Away with the accursed thing! Having seen her Master what could she do but follow and be done with sinning?

There was the merest glimmer of light in the east and all her little world lay sleeping, but there was no room in her brain for outward considerations and her neighbors were startled from their

slumbers and roused to every imaginable fear by most unreasonable knocking at their door, and by the entrance at last of an excited woman entreating brokenly for forgiveness for sins of the tongue that were more common to them than bread, the one coin in their daily barter that was never lacking!

"Forgive me, forgive me," she begged. "I cursed you! I sinned! I will kiss your head! I will kiss your feet! Only forgive me!"

They judged her crazy and being quick in sympathy for all physical ills they soothed and reassured her. It was nothing, they declared. The wrong was not hers. It was their part to kiss her feet. Let her think no more of it.

But she read the thought that moved them and would have none of it. "I am not mad," she urged. "I have seen the Lord! He came to me in the night and He sent me to you." And there in the faint dawn, the center of a circle of curious listeners whose faces were hardly visible to one another, she told her wonderful tale.

It was Wednesday and when a few hours later the Bible woman having gathered her congregation arrived at the meeting house Farida was already in their midst, the speaker of the hour. Later she stopped a mourning to recount her story, lead the women in prayer and tell them how bitter a thing is sin. Farida had seen her Lord and that vision had made of the sinner a teller of good tidings and a preacher of righteousness.

But did it last?

Yes, it lasted! Not her new sense of blessing and power, the strength of which varied with the passing year! Not that wonderful exaltation that made it very easy to forgive, easy to be patient, easy to be humble! Even Elijah's heavenly food could sustain him only

for forty days and at the end he was like other men, in need of daily bread.

But it lasted! The faithful care of the Good Shepherd Who brought back His wandering sheep!

Farida has had many falls. When her husband beat her because she ventured to fill her water bottle near a point on the river bank where some men were assembled and when later in some new anger turned her and her children out of doors for several days, Farida did not come through the ordeals seatheless and the blame was not all on her husband's soul.

But our story is not spoiled because Farida's vision is not the end of all Farida's sins, for our story is not of the victory of her Master, and that is a continued story with new chapters and new developments every day! It is to Him and not to us that she will stand or fall and we know that she "shall be made to stand, for He is able to make her stand." "For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted He is able also to succor them that are tempted" and "if we are faithless He abideth faithful for He cannot deny Himself."

RENA L. HOGG,
Assiut, Egypt.

AZIZA.

Aziza is a dear little girl, with a pretty complexion of olive and pink, liquid brown eyes, and red lips covering two rows of even white teeth—her smile is confiding and hopeful, she is pleasant and polite. Aziza is an only child, her five brothers and sisters have all died, and poor Aziza is protected from sickness and accident in a very strange way lest she be taken too.

Her father brought her to our little school one morning and asked that she might be taught all good and helpful

things so that she would become an intelligent girl. She attended fairly regularly and began to learn her alphabet and seemed happy and contented. One day she was asked by some of the children why she did not wear nice clothes and wash her face and hands, she smiled in her sweet way but did not answer and there were unshed tears in her eyes. Her parents are not poor, they live in fairly good rooms, relatively clean and well furnished. We



This is not Aziza, but is a little school girl whose mother and grandfather believed her to be under the ban of an evil spirit.

called on the mother one morning. She was kind and courteous and after some introductory remarks she began to speak about her little daughter, and said how glad she was when any one remarked on her untidy appearance because it was such a protection from the envious spirit with which the little girl was menaced. Now why should this dear child not be kept clean and well-dressed? Thereby hangs a long tale.

Most people in this country firmly believe that when a child is born a spirit child is born with it, a "familiar spirit," of the opposite sex. It is called Karin, and this "double" is very jealous of the real child and on the least provocation will do the human child an injury and cause it to sicken and die. This spirit acts also as a protector against other spirits who also will seek the hurt of the child, and if the spirit of the child is weaker than the belligerent spirit the child of flesh and blood will die or at least become sick; the child always knows that her spirit has had a tussle with another spirit by her own tired feeling. While the real child is sleeping the spirit child wanders off and consorts with other spirits, but returns quickly at the approach of an opposing spirit. When the human being grows up and is desirous of marrying, he or she must consult the spirit, otherwise the latter will cause serious trouble because of jealousy of its human rival; in any case it will be annoyed; but if the mother of the spirit is spoken to and her intercession sought and an offering of incense is burned it will be appeased. But even then it may refuse to give up the human being entirely and will try in various ways to injure the person. Such is a brief outline of the beliefs and fears which are more powerful than religion in many lives. It all sounds such utter

nonsense and childishness but it is all most real and binding on these people. You have only to associate with them to understand how firm a hold it has and how large a place in the thoughts and practises of all, not only of the ignorant but also of the more or less educated. Even those who mix freely with Europeans and speak several languages, deep down in their hearts they, too, are under the ban. From the cradle to the grave they have endless ceremonies and tricks for circumventing these spirit influences.

And so our little Aziza must be brought up in this kind of atmosphere because her brothers have all died—most probably through the utter ignorance of hygienic principles and these abounding superstitions. Often if Aziza's mother thinks someone has been looking at her little girl, admiring her, or envying her (which amounts to the same thing in their minds) she will at sunset of that day bring a little charcoal burner and make a glowing fire, then she will throw on the coals a mixture of about thirty herbs and seeds and minerals, and when the fumes arise the little girl is made to pass over the fire until she is thoroughly fumigated; meanwhile the mother repeats a verse asking protection and refuge from the envious spirit. The pungent odor is very obnoxious to the spirits and so their immediate influence is destroyed. After Aziza has been attended to, the burning insense is taken to any room where a visitor may have entered, and finally, the ashes are thrown on the threshold of the house, thus insuring exorcism for the time being from the person. Even the Prophet Mohammed is said to have had his Karin, but he made it a Moslem and instead of being jealous the spirit was a helper and always friendly to him.

Aziza has a number of little bags

around her neck and body, of various sizes, according to the special case they are needed for. These bags contain charms, verses from the Koran or sayings of holy men. A special kind of ink is used for writing these verses; the charms would not be effective if done with common ink. The prescription is: Saffron water, rose water, orange water, the juice of onions, water from the sacred well of Zem Zem in Mecca, Arabia, and sometimes human blood is mixed with them, each of these mixtures meeting a special need.

One of the most popular charms, we are told, is the magic square. This is supposed to keep the wearer from stomach ache, to render one invisible to the evil eye, to open locks, also to insure the safe arrival of parcels and letters. The depths of the amulet and charm belief is an unfathomable abyss. It is too bad that our sweet little Aziza should grow up in such an atmosphere and under this dead weight of superstition. She responds so readily to fairer, purer, and healthier influences, and her mind opens up like a flower to the sunshine. Her father is anxious that she should have something different—her mother is iron-bound by custom. She, herself, does not go out of her rooms and does not know anything of a better, healthier world than the one circumscribed by generations of fearful anticipation of evil. She is a nice woman and would otherwise take a great pride in seeing her little daughter sweet and comely. Now we are watching to see how this little bud of humanity can be trained away from home influences and out into the beautiful world of redeemed womanhood.

As the months pass into years, the windows of Aziza's mind will be opened, new thoughts will strive to overcome her

natural heritage of old ways and thoughts; but it will be hard for the girl to maintain the higher standards she will have learned, but her steadfast hold of the best will win tolerance and forbearance and her quiet influence will speak louder than some other persons' words. There will be much to distress the child in her daily life as she lives it with her family and friends, things unthinkable will be done and said to her in order to compel her to return to the old paths. She is, through fear and custom, kept in her home a great deal and her mother guards her very carefully from innovations as well as from the evil spirit; so please take this little Aziza into your thoughts and prayers until you feel and know she is safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on His gentle breast, free from the world's temptations, where sin cannot harm her. And remember there are millions of these little girls under the same influences waiting to be brought out of this turbid stream into the quiet waters of Salvation in Jesus Christ. There must be a million at least in the Nile Valley under twelve years of age. Bring them in.

"Say, will you seek to find them?

From pleasant bowers of ease
Will you go forth determined
To find the 'least of these?'

For still the Saviour calls them
And looks across the world,
And still He holds wide open
The door into His fold.

O come, let us go and find them.
In the paths of death they roam,
At the close of day it will be sweet to say
I have brought some lost one home."

(MRS. S. M.) AMY E. ZWEMER,
Cairo, Egypt.



Coming back to the boat to see the "doctor" with her baby on her shoulder wearing the unique Amulet.

A UNIQUE AMULET.

Our delta boat "The Allegheny" was tied up in the river near the town of B—. The workers on the boat went over into the town, held a little meeting and gave Sabbath School picture cards to all the children who were present. One little boy who received his card was sick. The doctor told the mother of the child to bring him to the boat next day and that he would treat the boy and relieve his suffering. So

the following morning she came and the child was wearing a little brown leather bag tied to his hair above his forehead. The mother said that she had put the little picture card, which had been given to the child the day before, into the leather bag and tied it to the child for a charm, believing that it would cure the child of his disease and that no harm could come near him while he wore this bit of paper.

(MRS. R. W.) MARGARET G. CALDWELL,
Cairo, Egypt.

A LOOK BACKWARDS.

My memory often reverts to the time when we first landed in Egypt in the Autumn of 1861. We were welcomed in Alexandria by the little group of missionaries there at that time, Mr. and Mrs. Lansing, Mr. and Mrs. Hogg, Miss Dales and Miss McKown; later on in Cairo by Mr. and Mrs. Ewing and Miss Hart.

Some of these missionaries had still only a limited knowledge of Arabic, but were possessed with a burning zeal to teach the Word of Life to those about them who were ignorant of the way of Salvation. However, they were diligently studying the language of the people, although their progress in that may have been slow on account of inferior teachers and unsuitable books. Besides the time required for other duties connected with the Mission left them a meager part of the day for studying this difficult language, or if the evening were free the light of flickering candles was not suitable for studying the Arabic characters without danger to the eye-sight, as one of the missionaries discovered when after diligent study of Arabic for a time at night, he had to spend months in semi-

darkness and under the care of physicians.

Our location was first in Alexandria where soon after our arrival in Egypt we left alone the other missionaries feeling that in Cairo more work could be done in evangelization among the homogeneous Egyptians than could be done among the heterogeneous population of Alexandria. The simple minded Egyptian was less bigoted and more susceptible to religious instruction.

Being left alone our housekeeping was conducted in rather a difficult manner for a time, as knowing a few words of the language we were naturally quite dependent on the Egyptian domestic who, not knowing our language, run the housekeeping according to his own ideas and provided us a menu suited to his own taste. (The Editor's "put-in:" Tell it not in Gath how dear



Mrs. Watson and two of her old time friends.

Mrs. Watson in her first attempts at housekeeping in Egypt directed her servant to get some mud for dinner when she meant figs, and a bath tub when she meant pigeons. "No account-

ing for the peculiar tastes of those strange Americans" thought her servant, so, of course, he managed the menu to suit his own taste.) This sometimes was amusing and sometimes otherwise, but in that department we soon became more independent and more comfortable as we were gaining more knowledge of the Arabic and of the customs of the country.

The services were conducted in a room in the Girls' School by a converted priest, Abuna Mikhail, and the audience varied from six to eight, besides some of the school children. In the early part of 1864 Abuna Mikhail was removed to Cairo to help there in visiting among the people, looking after the sick and occasionally conducting the services when the missionaries were busy. Consequently Mr. Watson was again left to conduct the work in Alexandria, but he was now more able for the services, although the exertion usually prostrated him during the following day or two. Miss McKown was working hard in the Girls' School, but her work was in the Italian language, as most of the pupils knew the Italian language better than the Arabic. Rev. and Mrs. Currie arrived in Egypt and at once commenced the study of Arabic.

The work about this time was becoming more and more evident. Several united with the church and among them a young Moslem who had been awhile in England and had a slight knowledge of the English language. He made a simple and earnest profession of his faith in Christ—was baptised, and continued faithfully in the performance of his Christian duties. He was trying to learn to read that he might be able to peruse the word of Christ at his leisure moments. He continued to live an exemplary life and was so much respected

that when he died a few years afterwards his funeral was attended by many in high life who had known and respected him. This was the first Moslem convert in Alexandria connected with the American Mission. There were many encouraging incidents even at the beginning of the work carried on in weakness, showing that the Lord was fulfilling His promise that He would be with His servants who would go to teach the Gospel to those who knew it not. There were also many discouragements connected with the work, such as lack of funds to extend the growing work, failing health on account of too strenuous work, and in many cases brought on also by too rigid economy in the endeavor to make ends meet.

Our house in Alexandria was the hospice for the Cairo missionaries as at that time there were few houses for rent in Ramleh which were within the means of the missionaries. Finally a house was procured for Mrs. and Mrs. Currie in the time of the fearful epidemic of Cholera in 1865 when the report of the daily deaths in Alexandria was even more than 600 and we went to live with them. Although the rooms were like pens divided from each other with boards four or five feet high, we were thankful to have any kind of a shelter to flee to from the wierd dirge of funeral processions that seemed to be constantly passing in a hurried manner along the principal streets unaccompanied by the usual mourning women who were at that time commanded by the authorities to refrain from wailing lest the panic in the city might be increased. It was indeed a fearful time. Day after day many of our acquaintances fell victims to that terrible scourge. When news came from Cairo that Mrs. Lansing had succumbed to it, and her lovely child

had also passed away and they were together laid side by side in the same grave we felt our hearts failing us at the thought that death had also entered our small circle. We wondered who would next be called away. Then Mr. Lansing with his three motherless boys reached Ramleh after the sad bereavement and he immediately showed symptoms of having Cholera in its worst form. As he arrived in pain, death seemed very near and no physicians nearer than Alexandria, but we felt that the Great Physician was nearer and we clung to the promise that He would verify His promise to the two or three who in His name besought that the precious life would be spared. The doctor, although worn out with exhausting work, came and the medicine that he gave him had the wonderful effect of checking the disease and our fellow laborer soon was restored to health to continue on in the work that the Lord had planned for him to do in this needy land.

Many incidents of the first years of our mission life come to my mind, the encouragements and the discouragements, the hopes and fears concerning the work then so limited, begun in weakness but in faith relying upon God Who only giveth the increase, and He has given the increase far beyond our limited expectations, so that now the influence of the American Mission is felt throughout the length and breadth of the land with its churches, its evangelists, its schools and numerous other things done for educating and evangelizing the people, and above all for the work that is being done for the women through the cooperation of consecrated women of our own land. But very much more work has to be done before the prophecy of Isaiah shall be fulfilled that "The Egyptians shall know the Lord" and

"Whom the Lord of hosts shall bless saying, blessed be Egypt my people."

(MRS. ANDREW) MARGARET WATSON,
Cairo, Egypt.

FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

We are invited to the home of Fardoos for tea this afternoon. It is hot; the air is full of sand and strong winds blow upon our faces like the breath of a furnace. It is a long way so we drive out through the town toward the river through narrow winding alleys and finally we come to the particular alley at the end of which is the home of Fardoos. The place being too narrow for a carriage to pass we alight and walk along between gloomy mud walls till we reach the great clumsy wooden door at the end of the passage. As we beat upon the door with the palms of our hands and the sound echoes up and down the alleys and passage ways, women and children gather around us and eye us curiously wondering who the foreign ladies may be, who have come to visit Fardoos. But almost before we have time to observe all this a cheery voice from above calls "Enter," and the heavy door opens and a black shining face greets with a loving welcome.

The gloom and coolness within are refreshing after the glare and heat outside. The earth floor is beautifully clean and against the mud wall in the corner is a great porous jar full of water. Otherwise the room is empty. But our hostess leads us up a crude stairway to an upper room and begs us to be seated upon clean, sweet-smelling mats. The walls are plastered and white and clean. On the bed at the side of the room is a gorgeously colored quilt and a satin cushion embroidered with bright flowers. These are wedding gifts, for Fardoos is

a bride and this is our first visit to her new home.

While we are congratulating Fardoos on her clean, tidy, little home her husband comes in and she leaves to go and prepare refreshments. The husband, too, is black and shining, but gentlemanly



The one in the middle is Fardoos, the Bible woman.

and intelligent and shows his appreciation of his wife in a way which is not usual in the East. But then she is a wife who is not usual so he has reason to appreciate her, we think.

"God must have loved her very much," he says. "He brought her from a far country, saved her from slavery and from the curse of Islam and chose her to become a teacher of His precious Gospel."

"Truly, God has led her in wonderful ways," we respond, as our minds revert to the beginning of her story.

Eighteen years before, when the fanatical army of the Mahdi had fought its last great battle and suffered its last great defeat under the walls of Omdurman, among the women and children who were left widows and orphans by that terrible battle were two tiny black girls. They had been living with their father in his tent until that memorable day when he went out to the battle and did not return. The elder of the two little girls was Fardoos.

Eight years later and the scene of our story changes to Assiut where we find our two little girls in a Coptic home. Of their early struggles they have vivid but disconnected recollections. Fardoos remembers how they ran, hand in hand, from the scene of battle; how she vaguely wondered why her father did not come; how they wandered through hot desert country; how they suffered from hunger, thirst, weariness and fear. Of how they finally escaped the dangers around them and the life of slavery which threatened them, and found themselves cared for by Christian people in Egypt, far from the scenes of their early life, they have but indistinct memories.

Now that you have found these two little Moslem girls in a Christian home very likely you think that they have learned to know Christ. Far from it! Were they not Moslems, daughters of a Dervish fanatic? It's only within very recent years that the Christians of Egypt have become willing to share their Christ with the Moslems and you would not wonder much at that if you but knew how the Moslem despises the Christian and his religion, which he says is idolatry.

So, when the master of the house read and prayed with his family these two little servant girls were shut out of the room. But curiosity, that universal trait of childhood, stirred in the breasts of these children of the Dervish soldier, an unquenchable desire to know the contents of the big Book and the meaning of prayer, and so, little by little, by listening at half open doors and questioning other children, they learned that there was a person called "The Christ," Who saved "sinners," and by a process of mental deduction, which some of us who can remember the workings of our own childish minds may understand, the

two little ignorant girls decided that they must be the sinners. But where to find the "Christ" that saved, they knew not, nor did they find anyone who would teach them.

But there came a bright and glorious day when a great bell from a distant tower attracted their curiosity and, following its sound, they found themselves in a large crowded church. The imposing person who stood on a high platform at the front and talked so eloquently—could he be "The Christ?"

And then another event happened which changed the course of these two lives. Nur (the younger) became ill and was taken to the Mission Hospital where she stayed for months. There, under the patient, loving ministry of the Bible teacher, she learned to read a little, and, what meant much more to her, she found "The Christ" Who saves sinners. Fardoos visited her sister regularly and learned from her and the two thirsty little souls drank in the sweet, old story of salvation. Having found Christ, they wished to be baptized, that they might call themselves Christians. Their Coptic guardian was not willing for that. Relations grew strained till there came a day when the two sisters left the home where they had served for so many years for food and clothing and determined to become Christians and to find employment elsewhere. The only other place of refuge they knew was the Mission Hospital so there they went. Fardoos was given work in the hospital as one of the ward-maids. Nur went to the Girls' Boarding School, partly to help with the kitchen work and partly to learn to read and write and to learn more of the Book. Both were baptized and became earnest Christians.

Was that the end of the story? No, it was only the beginning. That

precious Book which had been closed to Fardoos was now open before her. She could read now, but slowly and with difficulty, and oh, how she loved the Book! Life in a mission hospital is strenuous and Fardoos had not been trained to a strenuous life. She could not understand why one could not be reading the Bible all day long.

"O, that I might devour it," she said to a friend, "so as to have it all inside myself!"

She was to learn that the keeping of the Word in one's heart was not to be accomplished in such an easy or speedy manner as that. Exasperated nurses found her burning poultices while she laboriously spelled out the words of the Gospel story. But exasperation fled when one looked into her earnest, repentant face. To know the precious book well enough to teach it to others was the dream of her life, and step by step, her Lord was leading her on to the fulfillment of this dream.

There dawned a glad day when she was asked if she would like to become a teacher of the Bible among the women of Assiut and that day was the real beginning of Fardoos' career. Unless you had seen her it would be impossible for you to try to imagine the joy which shone from her face as she went from house to house through the dark places of Assiut, teaching the Word she loved so well to those who knew it not.

"And were you not sorry, Fardoos," I asked, "to give up your teaching to marry?"

"Well," she said, "you see the Lord planned it so and what could I do? I've always submitted everything to Him and He has always cared for me. When I was a little girl and wanted to become a Christian I asked Him to let me become a Christian and He did. Then

when I wasn't happy and could not remain in the home where I was living I said, 'Oh Lord, if you'll just let me work in the hospital and learn to read the Bible,' and He did it. After I learned to read and know my Bible I besought Him to let me teach it to others and what a blessed day it was when He answered that prayer!"

"But Fardoos," I said, "you didn't ask the Lord for a husband, did you?"

"No," she answered. "I just said to Him, 'Lord, I'm an orphan girl with no one to care for me or plan for me. Thou art the Father of the orphan. If it is Thy plan that I should have a good Christian husband and a home some day Thou wilt plan it all. I leave it all with Thee.' And He arranged it all," she concluded simply.

"And I haven't had to give up all my teaching, either," she added, "for God has opened up new doors for me among my husband's friends, many of whom are Moslems and I go and teach them, and because I was a Moslem they will listen to me and consider the Gospel story."

"Yes," as her husband says, "God has led her in a very wonderful way!" How He must have loved her to have led her through such vicissitudes to a life of service for Him, preaching and teaching the "unsearchable riches of Christ" to His own little ones!

SADIE THOMPSON,
Tanta, Egypt.

A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE LATTICE OF A HARIM.

Little Ameena and her sister, Fatma, have been in our school for several years. They are very bright little girls and we love them. They have always had the daily Scripture lessons with the others, but, so far as we knew,

these lessons had made no impression upon their hearts.

One morning, some time ago, Ameena came to school with very red eyes, and we were sure she had been weeping, but she refused to give any explanations. Before the day closed, however, some of her school-mates had gathered the story from her sister and a neighbor girl.

On returning from school the day before, Ameena and her sister had found some neighbor women visiting her mother. As they entered the room with their school books in hand, the women naturally inquired about their school. When they learned that the girls were



"Studying the Bible."

attending a Christian school, and reading the Christian Bible; and singing Christian songs their indignation knew no bounds. Turning upon the mother of the girls they demanded, "Why do you send your daughters to be taught by those vile Christian dogs? Why do you allow them to associate with abominable swine?" Then addressing the frightened little girls one said, "I know that you are learning to believe," and then she made some statements about the birth of Christ that are such blasphemous lies I cannot translate them. To the utter amazement of all, little

Ameena drew herself up and looked at the woman and boldly said, "You are a liar. The Christians *do not* teach what you have said." Then she began telling them the story as she had learned it, but they put their fingers in their ears and shut their eyes and began screaming, "She's a Christian! She deserves to be killed!" Then her mother flew into a rage and began to beat her, but Ameena ran out of the room and escaped without much injury.

Next morning her father, who had heard something of the incident and had already been tauntingly called, "Father of a Christian" caught her and gave her a cruel beating and forbade her ever to go to school again. But after he left the house she slipped out and went to school.

No wonder her eyes were red. She had been persecuted for Christ's sake.

She and her sister have not been to school since that day. We have inquired for them, but can get no satisfactory information. It is rumored that Ameena is to be married soon.

It is very discouraging to have girls snatched away from us that way, but I had a glimpse behind the veil some time ago, which will always help me overcome such discouragement. I was with one of our experienced lady missionaries. After passing through a bewildering number of winding streets, we have stopped before a large Moslem house. The door keeper looked very unwilling to allow us to enter, but we finally got through the street door. Then we waited until another servant went upstairs to see if the lady was at home. We wondered if he would really give her our message. Perhaps he would return and pretend she had gone to some other place, or make some other excuse. To our great relief, he invited us to go upstairs. There we were met by the lady whom

we wished to see. She led us into the very best inner room. She seemed unable to express her joy at seeing the missionary lady. One so frequently meets women who have forgotten what little they have learned at school, and it was a pleasant surprise to see this elderly Moslem woman bring out a well-worn Bible and to hear her read fluently. We were not permitted to be alone with her very long. Her son came in and she gave the missionary a signal to avoid religious topics. When we left, she clung to the missionary and, with tears in her eyes, begged of her to come often and to pray for her.

When we were out in the street once more I asked, "How did you ever manage to get into touch with a woman hidden away in a harim like that?" The answer was briefly as follows: "She was a pupil in one of our schools years ago. She was such a bright, sweet, little girl. Her father took her out of school because she was learning to be a Christian. She was married to a man much older than she. He had several wives. I lost sight of her for years but she managed to get word to me to come to see her, and I have been keeping in touch with her for the past few years. Her first husband was very cruel to her and finally divorced her after she had several children. Of course he kept the children. She was married again. That man who came into the room while we were there, is the youngest son by her second husband. You can see that he knows she is a Christian and he does not want her to have a chance to talk with me alone. I have had many a talk with her, however, and she has confided many of her troubles to me. She has had one of the saddest of lives. She says I am the only true friend she has ever known, and I believe it. Her

mother was kind to her, but she was taken away from her while she was yet a mere child and oh! what a life she has had. She has often told me that her only comfort and joy is the Bible and prayer. She would probably have put an end to her life long before this, were it not for her faith in Christ. She says it is very common for women in the harim to take poison and die."

ELLA M. BARNES,
Cairo, Egypt.

IN PERILS OPT.

Has Egypt no heroines? Heroes, yes. Who has not heard of Sheik Fam or Abouna Makhiel, of Makhiel Mansour or Farid? But women! Those thousands and millions of women who sit behind closed shutters; whose minds are blank, untutored, asleep; whose life consists in pleasing or submitting to a selfish and indifferent, or ruthless master. And we, who would search out some of these poor sisters and point them to the Light and Life Eternal, little dream of the cruel hardships they must bear if they seek to break their bonds. Lift the veil into the lives of these and, instead of apathy and ignorance, you will find events of stirring interest, tragic mostly, of course, for what pioneer does not tread a thorny and weary path?

It was near mid-day and a brooding torpor reigned over the town under the blazing sun. Houses stood closely shuttered and silent. An occasional cart rattled over the uneven dirt streets but few men were abroad. In the shadow of the houses, pressed close against the stone walls, lay men taking their noon-day siesta, their galabeas pulled over their heads to protect them from threatening swarms of flies. Down in the bazaars portly merchants, seated far

back in a corner of their tiny shops, dozed comfortably or sipped at coffee while exchanging low-voiced comments with their neighbors.

Three streets from the station in one of these closely shuttered houses Miriam moved restlessly from room to room. She was a pretty girl, just sixteen, with the sweetness and brightness of expression that had characterized her face ever since she had accepted Jesus as her personal Savior five years ago. Today, however, the lines of her face were drawn, she seemed under a strain. A crisis was approaching, and though dreading it she yet was impatient to know the worst. Three weeks before her family had arranged for her marriage with a young Mohammedan. This was their fourth attempt to marry her to a Mohammedan who would then have it in his power to deal with the strange heresies Miriam refused to surrender. In each case before she had been able to escape, but this case seemed hopeless. Her future husband was demanding that she definitely renounce her faith in Jesus even before the engagement, and her family were equally determined upon the wedding. To deny Jesus she was determined she would not, yet how should she escape from the difficulty before her? Her cousin, Sitt Hanum, had carried her to Samanoud for safe keeping and so careful was her watch over her that she had locked up all Miriam's clothes.

Seated listlessly beneath the shuttered window Miriam's mind ran over these events. Suddenly, in spite of anxiety and fear, her lips twitched into an amused smile. One thing she had done in preparation for escape should opportunity arise. Early that morning Sitt Hanum had come in hot and tired from a shopping trip to town. Loosing her haberah and veil she had flung

them on the divan. Even as Miriam had seen her do it inspiration flashed upon her. Stepping unconcernedly in front of the divan she managed to kick them both beneath it while at the same time keeping up a steady stream of questions.

"But even then" thought Miriam "what can I do with them in this strange town, a hundred miles from Alexandria? What if they give me no warning of the wedding! If I can only have time to reach Tanta, Miss Finney! Dear me! I wish it weren't so hot and my head didn't ache so!"

A sound of rattling china caught her attention and she slipped out into the hall to see what was happening. It was the cook, carrying coffee down stairs to the reception room.

"Yes," he said in answer to her question, "there are ladies visiting Sitt Hanum. Here, let me by with the tray."

Irresolutely she leaned over the banisters. The sound of women's voices floated up to her. She listened a moment. Yes, they were talking about her and that hateful marriage. Sitt Hanum's voice rose above the others.

"I get all of my dresses made in Cairo, but we haven't time to have Miriam's made there before the engagement. However, I can easily have them made for her after the engagement as she will stay with me until the bridegroom comes for her."

"What!" cried one of the visitors. "The engagement! You must be going to have it soon."

Startled, Miriam held her breath to catch the answer. Sitt Hanum's voice fell to a loud stage whisper.

"Yes," she said impressively, "the

"engagement is going to be on Thursday, three days from today."

The voices flowed on in interested discussion of details of the coming engagement, but Miriam heard no more. She stood trembling, stunned by the shock of what she had heard. Thursday! She shivered. Oh! how she hated that wicked bridegroom. Even to her had filtered tales of his misdeeds and evil habits. Married to that man for life! To be completely in his power! With hands tightly clenched at her side she tried to bring order out of the confusion of her thoughts. The crisis had come at last, the blow fallen, and it seemed more than she could bear in spite of her determination to meet it bravely. Ah yes, she was determined to serve the Lord Jesus always, never to deny Him, no matter what the cost, yet how could she bear the cruel hatred of that man day by day when he found it impossible to move her. Beatings—well yes, she had been beaten before! But that would not be all. Too well she knew the exquisite torture the Mohammedan mind conceives when desirous of punishing its heretics, especially if they be women. Suddenly she lifted her chin, her eyes heavy with unshed tears.

"I won't," she cried, "I won't! I will escape! If I can only reach Tanta and Miss Finney!"

The sight of the servant suddenly appearing at the foot of the stairs with the tray of empty coffee cups, brought her to a realization of where she was. Behind him came Sitt Hanum. Hastily Miriam retreated to her bed-room. "Miriam," said Sitt Hanum, puffing a little as she appeared at the open door, "Come down stairs and speak to these ladies. They want to see the bride. And

be sure you brush your hair nicely and do it up the way I like it best."

"Very well," said Miriam, and again inspiration flashed upon her. She smiled her winsome smile at Sitt Hanum. "But I need hair-pins. I shall have to run down to the door and send the door-keeper for some."

Sitt Hanum merely nodded as she descended the stairs. Miriam followed her quickly and confronted the man dozing on the seat near the open street door.

"Abd el Rahman," she said, "do me a favor. Sitt Hanum wants me to put up my hair again and I need hair-pins. Here are two piastres. Please go down to the bazaar and get me some."

Abd el Rahman accepted the coin she offered and stood up. "Gladly, Sitt Miriam," he said, "I'll get anything you like from the bazaar since you treat me so well and never scold me as every one else does."

Miriam waited only long enough to see him set off down the street, and then flew up the stairs and into Sitt Hanum's room. Out came the haberah and veil from under the divan. It was but a minute's work to don them, with a black handkerchief pulled far down over her eyes to complete the disguise. Then she felt into a pocket hidden in her dress to make sure the pound she had saved for so long was there. As she moved across the floor she became conscious of the loose house-slippers she wore, totally unfit for street wear. She hurried to the door.

"Zakeya," she called to the little girl playing in the hall, "Zakeya, be a good girl and loan me your shoes."

Eager to do something for her dear Miriam, Zakeya ran and brought them, and Miriam slipped them on. Now she was all ready. But the dangerous part

*A Moslem engagement is the legal marriage contract.

of her escape lay yet before her. She must pass unnoticed from the house. Out into the hall and down the stairs she slipped. She had wondered ever since the idea of immediate escape had come to her how she should pass the sitting-room door, but fortune, or was it Providence, decreed that it should be closed. Past it she stole silently and out into the blazing heat of the street. A moment she hesitated. Would she risk it? If caught before she could get away she knew how severe her punishment would be. Yet that very thought helped strengthen her determination and she hurried down the street. The way to the station had never seemed so long. What if the cook had seen her from the window? What if Zakeya should run and tell that she had seen Miriam with a haberah? A dozen possibilities frightened her. But at last she was there, her ticket was bought, and the train to Tanta due in five minutes.

Never will she forget that trip to Tanta! An unattended Egyptian woman traveling alone in Egypt is always a suspicious character. She cringed from the thought of having insulting remarks thrown at her by the conductor, her fellow travelers, any one who might notice her. It was not until she reached Tanta, however, that the real trial began. Frightened by the noise and confusion she could not find the gate leading into the city. As she hurried from office to office, a volley of remarks poured out upon her.

"Oh lady, where are you going?" "She's a discontented wife running off!" "This is the way!" "I'll show you the way!"

Sobbing now and trembling, she at last caught sight of waiting carriages. Running to one she climbed in. "The American Mission," she gasped, crowd-

ing herself as far as possible into the corner.

At last the dreadful journey was over and the carriage drew up in front of the mission building. Dropping a coin on the seat she ran through the door and up the stairs. Would they never open the door? But there are foot-steps, the door swings open, and she is in the arms of Miss Finney.



Minnehaha Finney out on the roof-garden with Miriam.

Thus did Miriam escape from the fourth attempt to marry her to a Mohammedan. My story is not concerned with what followed next—with the satisfactory arrangements the missionaries were able to make with her family, the strange fact that Sitt Hanum now became her warm and sympathetic friend, nor of Miriam's hopes of entering school

again. Her future looked bright indeed, and she beamed her happiness upon every one. Ah! but listen. Two weeks later Miriam was down in Alexandria legally engaged to another Moham-medan, a wicked, repulsive man already having one wife and two children at home, a man who could not talk on the commonest subjects without revealing the vileness of his mind. Her trousseau was made, even her furniture was bought. Tears and entreaties availed nothing. All this, with the story of yet another escape, forms but another chapter in Miriam's life.

Has Egypt no heroines? May God, Who gave Paul strength to bear and rejoice in persecutions and abuse, in dangers and sufferings, give to all such the joy and peace which passeth understanding.

DAVIDA M. FINNEY,
Cairo, Egypt.

THE MAKING OVER OF OOGINA.

The last on the list of patrons on one of those busy days of receiving girls into the Tanta Boarding School was a poor servant woman who brought her little daughter and a small sum of money, having no other thought than that of course we would receive her gladly.

Our last bed had been taken and others who could pay in full had been turned away, but with all Miss Mc-Millan's explanations that we had not any place, the poor soul had no intention of leaving until her request was granted. Her spirit and persistence reminded one of the woman who was willing to eat of the crumbs of the Master's table. She said, "Just take her and let her sleep under your bed or any where. Take her, make her your own girl, a servant girl, or Bible woman, or any thing you

like. You can take her to the market to carry your packages for you in the street."

Her persistence may have been because she really desired the child to be educated so that she may be able to rise above her own drudgery servant life, or it may have been simply because she did not know what else to do with her.

When Miss McMillan saw the mother's determination she called me to the office to see the little object of pity. After she had told me the story, she remarked, "It seems that this is one of the 'little ones' He has sent us to be trained up for Him and His work." So we decided to take her and crowd in another bed some place.

How my heart was touched that first night, for no sooner had the mother gone than her battle of trying to keep back the tears began. I brought her into my room, gave her some picture cards and tried to amuse her but every few minutes she would say, "I want my mother."

The first few weeks of her stay with us were trying ones indeed. Can you imagine the care of a child who had grown up like a dog or a cat, who had never slept in a bed, who had never eaten at a table, who knew nothing of cleanliness, who had no idea of right and wrong, who could swear, steal and lie as naturally as to sleep at night? Of course she was often repulsive and very naughty with the other girls who have quite forgotten that many of them were once much like her, then too because she was of the servant class they did not try to love her much at first. We have had to resort to all sorts of punishments. Dr. Grant came to our aid with his "bad language prescription," a mixture of horrible taste and terrific odor. One tablespoonful is a dose, with

the main strength of both of us to administer the same. It is a sure cure and could be recommended for some American children of whom we have heard.

Little Oogina is another example showing that children are the same the world over. She is of the reckless Tom-boy type, always has a button off, shoe toes kicked out, a badly torn book and a broken pencil, if any at all. Her love of pretty things and her imitative traits and something in the twinkle of her little brown eyes make her very attractive to me.

She came into my room one day greatly delighted because one of the teachers had given her a bow of green ribbon. She wanted me to pin it at the neck of her dress which happened to be pink. I said, "I think you had better not wear that with this dress because it is not the same color." With a disappointed tone she replied, "I saw you wear a ribbon one day that was not the same color as your dress."

To our little friend her short, wooly hair is a great thorn in the flesh. But she can be thankful for one thing at least. It seems to afford no attraction for the creeping things of the earth. How she envied the other girls who wear their hair in braids tied with pretty bright ribbons. At last she thought she had the problem solved and on her return from the Christmas vacation she ran to Miss McMillan's room, bubbling over with joy, to show her her treasured purchase, a wig of long straight hair made on a piece of blue calico with long raveling strings to be tied under her chin. Her disappointment at our disapproval was pathetic, but she was soon happy with the promise that she should have a ribbon band for her head with a bow at the side. We soon discovered that her lesson on colors was, well

learned for she wanted a ribbon to match each dress.

Six months' of Christian training has made marked changes in little Oogina, but much still remains to be done. The other girls are interested in her now and the junior band of little boarders always pray that God will help Oogina to be good and keep her from saying bad words.

(MRS. J. W.) MARY B. BAIRD,
Tanta, Egypt.

LIVING LIKE CHRISTIANS.

Sheikh Mohammed is a Moslem who earns his living by teaching. Some two years ago he married a young girl from near his own village. She, too, is a Mohammedan and had never heard the Christian teaching until her marriage with Sheikh Mohammed.

On their marriage some one told Sheikh Mohammed that he should read the Gospel to his wife. He did so and a few months later when the girl-wife returned to her village for a visit, her girl friends gathered to see her. Most of them had been married and some had been divorced, others had had cases in court, and nearly all had had domestic troubles. Almost their first question to our little friend was, "Are you happy?" "Has your husband beaten or divorced you?" They were astonished at her reply and wanted to know how it was she had been so happy while they had been so miserable. Our friend explained that it was "Because we live like Christians." This of course must be explained for there were Moslem girls who knew nothing of the Bible or its teachings.

Our little girl-wife explained it this way. When we were married some one told my husband to read the Bible to me, so he got the Gospel and he read, "Hus-

bands love your wives." It was new to me and I said, "strange, that is wonderful, read it again" and this is the secret of our happy home; we are living like Christians.



Mrs. Coventry and Miss Minnehaha Finney making a village visit from the "Delta Car."

And indeed we can testify to the truth of this that they "live like Christians." A few weeks ago we were going to hold our annual Thank-Offering in the mission house. Our little girl-wife was very anxious to be present, but the baby is a noisy, lively, little boy and the mother could not bring him with her. Sheikh Mohammed was busy with his lessons, but got permission to leave before the lesson was finished in order to go home

to take care of the baby while his wife went to the Thank-Offering meeting! Truly they live like Christians, for it is an unusual thing for an Egyptian man to be seen taking any care of a child. Yes, they are fond of them, will play with them and fondle them, but to care for them or to carry them in the streets—that is almost degrading, and for a Moslem to do such a thing is almost unheard of. So we know they are "living like Christians." May they and their little one soon have the believing life as well.

MRS. MARY KERR COVENTRY,
Tanta, Egypt.

TWO BIBLES.

Every night our mission building in Cairo is guarded by a night watchman. A few years ago our watchman was an elderly man from near Berber, and a very staunch Mohammedan, having made a pilgrimage to Mecca. He read Arabic well, and liked to repeat the Koran while on duty at night, partly as a meritorious act but also to occupy his time. Coming in late one night and seeing him seated at the big front door I asked him why he never read the New Testament. He answered that it was because he did not have one, though he would like to read it, for the Koran testified to the truth of it. So I immediately bought for him the gospel by Matthew. He began at once to read it whenever he had any spare time during the day, sitting on a small bench under the arcade at our front door. He often had quite a few of his acquaintances about him, as he read passages which he thought particularly fine. During the early afternoon writing period of the girls' school he would recite his lesson of a chapter or two to me. These he always carefully prepared, and was full of queries and comments.

Later, as he read on, he became fearful and anxious, feeling sure the teaching was not in accordance with the Koran. So he went to a Sheikh, a friend of his in the Azhar. This man must have been very liberal in his views for he encouraged my old friend by telling him that the Koran testified to the truth of the Bible. When he returned he told part of the conversation he had at the University, and added, "Today my day is white like milk."



ANNA Y. THOMPSON.

A missionary in Egypt since 1871.
Miss Thompson has charge of the Bible
women in Cairo, Egypt.

When he finished reading the New Testament, I bought a large pointed Bible for him. Reading one day the story in Samuel of the rejection of David's eldest brother, he called my attention to the verse where God said that He looks at the heart of man. Hagg Mohamed then said to me, "If I love Jesus in my heart, why is it necessary to say so before men? God looks at the

heart." Convinced, realizing the claim of God's revealed will to men, yet fearful of the consequences of open confession my old friend later left for the Sudan thus passing out of my life. He carried with him, however, his cherished Bible.

Before going, he came to tell me a friend of his was also leaving for the Sudan and would I please give him a large Bible, too. When I gave it to him the man said, "This is now devoted property, and can never be sold." Who can tell what good these two Bibles may have done in the Sudan, for God has promised that His word shall not return void, but shall accomplish that which He pleaseth.

So surely does God give us evidences of man's longing for the truth and of His power to save. In days of discouragement or depression, He gives us such tokens, or some signal answer to prayer, which bids us trust and wait, for the day of the Lord is coming in Egypt.

ANNA Y. THOMPSON,
Cairo, Egypt.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

The pitiless sun of the early Egyptian summer beat down upon the reeking streets and by-ways of the town; from either side, the whitened walls of the houses sent back the glare as from a mirror; venders of many things edible droned out their drowsy summer song as they passed from house to house.

With a sigh of relief, the Little Missionary, new to the sights and sounds and smells of Egypt, stepped within the shade of the door-way of her school. Dully she wondered what the day should bring forth. Days had such a way of bringing forth unexpected things! All too soon was this day's secret to be

revealed! Even as she stood, still in the door, accustoming her eyes to the in-door shade, she felt it in the atmosphere—that something, oppressive, tragic.

The head-teacher, a dark-eyed Syrian girl stepped from the inner room; stopped suddenly. "How did you know?" she asked, in lieu of more formal greeting. "Know what?" answered the Little Missionary in surprise. "That Moneera's sister is dead," came the answer. "We thought you knew because you are wearing mourning—or almost mourning," she added, glancing at the dark blue gown which the Little Missionary had that morning donned because it made her so much less conspicuous in the street—with never a thought that she was dressing for the role of comforter in a house of sorrow.

"Moneera's sister! Ageeya!" The Little Missionary stopped, overcome with surprise and emotion. Well did she love Moneera, her bright-eyed, diligent, devoted pupil. And well did she know the affection surpassing love of sisters, in which Moneera held her elder sister Ageeya, girl bride and girl mother, scarce sixteen. And then, to her shame terror followed fast upon the heels of grief. Go to Moneera she must; but how! These dark-skinned emotional people were still to her as the eternal mystery of the Sphinx. Go alone she could not. "Please send word to the mission house," said she dully to the teachers. "Some one will surely come; I'll wait." And await she did, in dazed and terrified silence, the arrival of the older missionary.

Together they went in silence, through the glare of that summer morning, into the orgy of grief. Long before they reached the door, the heart-breaking wail of the mourners broke upon their ears.

Still in silence they climbed the stairs and pushed their way into a room crowded with black-clad women, crouching upon the floor. Some wept in real grief; some wailed only because the proprieties of the occasion demanded it. But the Little Missionary will never forget how each piercing shriek stabbed to the heart, and the continuous tears of the wailing women brought her own tears raining down her cheeks, though the girl for whom they mourned had been to her a stranger.

"Oh Ageeya!" rose the cry, "oh sister! She was only a bride! Only sixteen! Sister! Ageeya!"



"Moneera," "larger grown" with some of her friends. (Moneera standing).

In vain did the Little Missionary look for Moneera. Where was the child? Was it possible that she was not mourning for the sister she loved so well? At last, summoning all her courage, she asked in broken, halting Arabic of a woman near her, "Where is Moneera?" Dumbly the woman pointed to a closed door. "May I go to her?" Only a nod of the head gave consent, but, as the unrestrained grief of the women broke out afresh, the Little Missionary arose and made her way between the crouch-

ing, black-clad figures to the closed door, opened it softly and walked in.

Moneera not mourning? Ah, but see her! Her face is pale but swollen with weeping; her voice comes in long, dry, hard sobs, and so shaken is she by her grief that when she rises she sways like a branch in the wind, and the Little Missionary grasps her lest she fall. Silently she pulls the child down beside her on the divan and with mute caresses strives to calm the storm of grief which her coming has aroused afresh. Long did she weep, and weep unrestrainedly as only a daughter of the Orient can. But at length the storm passed, and the Little Missionary began to speak. She reminded the grief-stricken child of the love of Jesus, Whom she had come to know as her Saviour; she asked about the two babies, Moneera's wee sister and wee motherless niece, left in her charge while the women gave themselves up to grief; she questioned gently about the beloved sister whose lifeless body lay just beyond the door. Gradually the sobs ceased, and the child grew quiet as the overburdened heart found the relief of speech. Thus the hours dragged away. Now and again need of food for the babies or some service which only she could render in gathering together the dead girl's clothes for burial, called her out into that sea of wailing women. Then she returned once and again, wailing, as did they. "Oh sister, sister! Ageeya!"

Noon passed. The Little Missionary had no thought of time. On and on talked Moneera, or sat long silent. The commotion in the other room increased. Dully the Little Missionary realized its meaning. The body was being carried from the house for the last time. Still she lingered, purposely preventing her little pupil's last glimpse of the loved

form, which would have meant to her no comfort—only added grief. And the child was already over-spent. Gradually all grew quiet. The Little Missionary spoke a few last words of comfort and left the house in a daze, herself so spent that she felt nothing but a dull ache of sorrow, and withal, an overwhelming gratitude that we also sorrow not as those who have no hope. But as she now recalls that day, she feels that she must even then have heard through the stupor of grief the whispering of the promise which the years are fulfilling—the promise that Moneera, as her name implies, should be a bearer of Light into the darkness of her own home and to her own people and kindred.

ELSIE M. FRENCH,
Zagazig, Egypt.

A JOYOUS CHRISTIAN.

The first time I met her I was attracted by her happy way and today, after five years' acquaintance, I was attracted by the same. Even when she tells me of her brother's cruelty to her she smiles and says, "The Lord is mighty and can save him yet."

She was born after the Arabi rebellion (a common way of remembering ages). Her father died when she was six years of age, leaving the mother sixty dollars to keep a son and daughter on. That with the boy's wage of five cents per week for caring for camels kept them until they had a chance to marry off the little eleven-year old Labeeba to a worthless husband. He took her to Alexandria where she knew no one. He used hashish (Indian hemp) and was cruel to her from the first, striking her down at the least provocation. She had one child and lost him. "Oh! they were hard days," she said, but something spoke to her soul saying, you can be

saved. Next her boy, Gad, came and soon contracted sore eyes and from ignorance and neglect he became totally blind. She can tell you this with much less concern than you or I would have if we had neglected our child's finger and let it go.

Once her brother went to visit her and found her husband so crazed from the use of hashish that he would take a hatchet and dig in the floor for money to buy it with, and one night he came to the brother's room and searched his bag for money, the brother could see him but as his money was in his pocket he folded his arms over his pocket and kept still and lay awake until the morning. Then he took the mother and her blind



TWO BIBLE WOMEN OF LUXOR.
God delights to use such as these in the transforming of lives such as Labeeba's.

child from the cruel husband and brought them to Assiut, and was good to her until he began to drink. Soon after this a missionary and Bible woman found entrance to their hovel and talked to Labeeba of our Savior and taught her to read the gospel of John. She accepted Christ and learned to pray in simple faith. She says the Lord has answered every prayer except the one for her brother's conversion.

The missionary sent the boy to the blind school at Zeitoun where he still is and is happy during the school year but in vacation he pines away in his unwelcome three by six-foot corner room on the roof of his uncle's house, who now has a wife and considers his sister and her blind son a burden. Once he drove her off for a month's time; another time when crazed with drink he poured oil on her and while reaching for matches she made her escape. After that he was ill and she got his consent to read to him from Matt. 5, as far as she had reached in her reading. He marveled at the text and said, "Now I can understand why you can be kind to me while I curse you." She was overjoyed and we hoped for his conversion then but it is not yet. He is gluttonous himself but begrudges her every bite of food that she eats. So she prayed for work and the Lord sent her Moslem women to sew for. She sews up a spool of thread for five cents, and also teaches from four to twelve little girls to sew daily, charging them only one and a fourth cents per week. I taught her to darn and do rough mending, so she can do something in return for Gad's expense to the blind school. You should have seen Gad on his way to the station last September with his coffee sack of clothes and some dry bread and spice. It is doubtful if the blind school can continue after this term on account of conditions due to the war, but Labeeba says the Lord will provide.

She is ready to make a public profession of her faith at our next communion. Pray that she may be kept joyful in her service and receive a crown of life.

MRS. OLIVIA BURNS MOORE,
Assiut, Egypt.

STORY OF THE REVIVAL AT MISHTA.

It was in the little town of Mishta, in the Northern end of Thebes Presbytery—just one of those numerous villages of monotonous mud houses, and choking dusty lanes; yet in the distance undeniably picturesque, plumed with tall, graceful palms and surrounded by fields of waving ripe grain. It was harvest time, the season when Egyptians move out into the fields with their families and animals and dwell in booths; the season when the Khamsin winds begin to blow—those stifling hot winds that lift the sands of the desert and pour them down into the Nile Valley till vegetation is withered and animal life pants and gasps from exhaustion. These dust storms which often obscure the face of the burning sun last from an hour to three or four days, but only after a long one is the atmosphere cleared as it is refreshed after a thunderstorm at home.

Mishta is about a mile and a half from the Nile River. Now itinerating on the Nile is supposed to be an ideal life, but living in a house boat, crowded two or three into a small cabin when the summer winds begin to blow threatening to overturn our frail craft, is an experience which affects even the nerves of those who love the work best. As we set out on our donkeys for the town at the close of a hot day our primitive mode of travel made us smile as we thought of some of our evangelists at home who must have their autos, and Pullmans and comfortable hotel suites (and rightly) in order that they may do their best work. Perhaps if we had more physical comforts as well as spiritual help we could do work on a larger scale in this land.

Mishta is a town of 7000 inhabitants, but only 1000 are Christians and this

number includes Copts, Catholics and Protestants. Our evangelical church there has a membership of about 100. We had been there before and knew the pastor to be a man of prayer; quiet and retiring, but a man of reserve power; one who has taught his people to pray and work for the salvation of others; for on the Sabbath day after church service the members, both men and women, go to the simple homes of their neighbors to hold cottage meetings. A short time before our arrival in the town we had heard of the death of an old elder in the church and the news that the pastor was conducting prayer meetings at the house of mourning—meetings which lasted up till midnight—had spread abroad in the surrounding villages.

When our boat arrived at Mishta we had with us Mr. Jesse McPherson, the Quaker Evangelist who has been used of God so greatly in China and India and various mission fields of the far East. Mr. McPherson came "led of the Spirit" to Upper Egypt. He knew nothing of the country or of the language, but simply obeyed without question as did Philip when told to go to the desert.

The morning after our arrival the pastor and several of the church members came to the boat for prayer. As these simple folk knelt together on the deck, their earnest prayers for victory over Satan and his hosts and for a blessing upon their town gave one assurance of victory, and their hearty singing made one feel that in their own lives they already knew the power of the Overcomer.

As the church in Mishta is very small it was deemed best to hold the meetings in an open space near the church. There was a lot walled in on three sides where

a temporary platform was erected and the necessary curtain put up to separate men from women. A few seats were provided and matting spread down for a few to sit on and all others sat on the ground. For eight nights the little lot was crowded with from three to five hundred hungry souls. How we should have liked to stay longer! But the **dahebiah* had been in our district its allotted three and a half months and must go on to Assiut Presbytery again.



The "women's side" of a congregation in Upper Egypt.

The first sermon was a searching one on "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God," preached by the missionary in Arabic. The following nights Mr. McPherson preached with the pastor Rev. Abdul Messiah Sidros, as interpreter. The pastor being very much in the spirit of the messages proved to be an able interpreter. The first two of Mr. McPherson's sermons were directed mainly to the members of the church, the subjects being "The Infilling of the Spirit," Acts 4:31, 32; and "Ye are the light of the world," Matt. 5:14-16. The prayers that followed asking God to reveal the secret sins of the heart and seeking the Infilling of the Spirit, showed how the messages had laid hold on the church.

*House-boat used for itinerating.

The following messages were directed chiefly to the unsaved and at the close of the public service each night after meetings were conducted by the missionaries—one for men and one for women. Mr. Reed of the Assiut Presbytery was with us over Sabbath, preaching the morning sermon with power. Two special women's meetings were also held during the week.

From the very first after meeting men and women began to confess sin and seek salvation. The women confessed hatred and anger in the heart and asked to be delivered from the sinful customs attendant upon mourning. A number of poor, dull ones asked prayer for understanding and it was good to be able to tell them that God can quicken and renew even the mind. Some confessed grosser sins and said they were tired of all the old life and were eager to put away sin for the sake of peace with God. As one after another surrendered to Christ the joy of their faces was very marked. One, Rifka, surrendered early in the meetings and throughout the week her face was radiant. Every night she would say it has been a very happy day. Another woman who had lost two children more than a year before had never become reconciled and from the time they were taken she had not prayed but had murmured against God. In answer to prayer she was gloriously delivered from her rebellion and able to pray again with freedom. Another who had been a praying woman had quarreled with her husband and separated from him. For ten years she had been in bondage to sin, "full of sin" she said, but now she wanted to give it up and return to Christ. The earnest prayers of the women for each other were very impressive, even the new converts joined

in these. At a meeting when six had confessed special sins and were seeking salvation I shall never forget the earnestness of one of the church members who prayed that as we wrote down the names on our prayer list God would write their names in the book of life.

From the first a number of Moslems attended the meetings and some would come into the after-meetings. One night a woman who had come in, impressed with the fact that we were all praying asked to be allowed to go into another room at the pastor's house to perform her prayers. How it stirred one's heart as she went off alone to say her, "In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful."

How pathetic her prayer seems as one remembers Jesus' words, "Whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in My name, He may give it you." When the woman came out from her prayer she looked wild and frightened. She was muttering to herself, "They will kill me." She had come in from the fields on a pretense of going to her house in the town, but really to attend the meeting. If her husband and the other men of the family found out where she had been they would kill her she said. The mayor of the town and some other Moslem officials attended a few of the meetings. It was a novel sight to see a bright young Moslem Inspector of Police following the sermon in English and at times helping with the translation. When asked how many would like Bibles and promise to read them it was gratifying to see several Moslems raise their hands.

The Spirit's work among the men was very marked. The pastor knew the town well and as one after another came to surrender to Christ he would pray fervently that God would help them to give up their special sins, naming the

sins in many instances. Among others the town jestor came in seeking salvation and when asked if he was willing to give up his foolish talk and jesting for Christ's sake, he said, "Gladly will I give it up." During the following days instead of making others laugh at his fun, his own countenance wore the expression of joy and victory which belongs to the Child of God. Another to whom life had been cruel wondered if Christ could save him. "He could not know how wild and sinful was my life—a robber's life among the rocks and caves; and yet He looked as though He knew it all, and knowing, longed to save me from it," and another thief breathed out this prayer, "Lord, remember me;" and another sinner heard the Savior's, "Today, thou shalt be with me." Thus the Lord did His work in the hearts of the people and during the week over thirty women and fifty men had definitely either surrendered their lives to Christ or been reclaimed from a back slidden state.

Let not this cursory account make any think that the work of evangelizing and winning souls is an easy business in the Nile Valley. Never did the little band of workers realize more that "We wrestle not against flesh and blood." A meeting where the Spirit's power was very manifest was sure to be followed by a reaction and the onslaughts of the Devil were redoubled. "Spiritual wickedness in high places" became an awful reality for the Devil would not let alone those of us who know that we have graciously been given a place in the "heavenlies." One had a fierce struggle for two days because Satan was determined that Mishta should have no blessing. The battle was so wearing as to bring forth the exclamation, "How glad we shall be when the fighting days are done." But

at last God gave the victory. The Devil was determined, too, that one of us should not have a special infilling of the Spirit to prevail in prayers for others. For three days it almost seemed that the Spirit had been grieved away. Finally one morning in a garden, under the pomegranites and figs the battle was fought out. For a while it seemed as He Who loved Him best said, long ago, "He came to His own, and they received Him not"—it was fulfilled that day once more in me. Waves of grief rolled over the soul. It seemed it would be better to be out of the way, to be suddenly called away from the village so as not to be a hindrance in the work. Gradually came the realization that the Spirit Himself was making intercession for us with groanings which could not be uttered. Then came an unspeakable peace and with it the power to pray for others.

On the last night of the meetings those present in the little church were asked to say, "Amen Lord," if they would like to see the revival so graciously begun in their own town, spread throughout Egypt. With one voice they made the church ring thrice with their "Ameen, Ya Rabb!" and all promised to pray for the manifestation of the Spirit's power throughout Egypt. Ameen, Ya Rabb. Amen, O Lord. So let it be.

MRS. DAISY GRIGGS PHILIPS,
Luxor, Egypt.

PRISON BARS.

We met on the train, Sitt Um Hassan and I, and soon got into conversation and she asked me to visit her. So Mrs. Adams and I hunted up her husband's office, and he very politely sent a boy with us to the house. Sitt Um Hassan seemed much pleased to see us,



Miss Paden and the teachers in the
Beni Suef School (Egypt).

and was very curious about us and our customs.

There was a large family, her husband's father and mother, two children by a former divorced wife, a crippled sister, and others. They seemed well-to-do. The next time I went, I read to them from the Word, but always found that Sitt Um Hassan seemed to be very busy about household matters so that she did not hear much. But the mother-in-law seemed more interested.

When I came back from America, I found the family in great trouble. The husband was in prison charged with the murder of his wife's step-mother, although the family asserted his innocence. The murdered relative had been left in control of her late husband's lands unless she should re-marry. This the step-daughters had endeavored to bring about, but she had refused. Then one night she was foully murdered, and Sitt Um Hassan's husband was suspected of the deed, either in person or through hired accomplices.

While the trial was dragging on they

welcomed me eagerly, and listened to the Word, even Sitt Um Hassan showing much more interest, and begging me afterwards to pray for her husband's release. I felt a great difficulty in praying except for salvation from sin for all.

The man was finally found guilty and condemned to life imprisonment. And the last time I went Sitt Um Hassan and her father-in-law had gone to make the one-hour visit permitted him every two months.

Will you pray for Sitt Um Hassan who is in such need of comfort and salvation from sin?

MARION PADEN.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

"And He that sat upon the throne said Behold I make all things new."

How often these words have come to my mind these last few weeks, for the Badea who is now coming to school is a new Badea. The old Badea is passed away. She is the oldest in a family of five girls, four of whom come to our school in Kafr Ashery. Her mother died over a year ago. The neighbors say that she poisoned herself because she had no sons, and her husband's people, with whom they live, made her life anything but pleasant. The father has a good position with an English firm, but spends most of his money in drink. His experience with Europeans has brought to him few of the blessings of a Western civilization, and many of its curses. He has little if any religion, representing many of the Mohammedans of Egypt today, who do not keep up the rites and ceremonies of their own religion, but have not yet accepted Christianity, and simply have no religion at all.

Knowing of Badea's home life, we made many allowances for her conduct.

Although the oldest of four girls, she seemed least willing to try to be good. She loitered and played on the way to school, not caring to be punctual herself, and trying to keep her sisters from being on time. In school it seemed as if her teachers were continually having to speak to her. She tore nine pages from her Gospel of Matthew one day, and then laughed, and told some of the girls that she couldn't study about Christ now. But the saddest thing, the thing that most burdened our hearts, was the way she lied. And it was not always to get herself out of trouble, or to put the blame on someone else, that she told falsehoods. She seemed to take delight in saying things that were untrue. She told the most wonderful tales about the teachers—what they said and did to her—one wondered how her brain could conjure up the things it did. She was so different from her sisters especially Ferdos, the one next to her in age. Ferdos is so frank and open about everything, and Badea was exactly the opposite. We almost gave up hoping that she would ever be different, but how often God, in answering our prayers, puts our weak faith to shame.

In March, Mr. Inwood, an evangelist from England, held a week's meetings in our Church, and it was then that the miracle was wrought in Badea's life. She did not evince any desire to come to the meetings, even if her father had been willing for her to attend. But the Spirit was working in her heart even though she were not present. One morning, the teacher who was leading Chapel was telling of Mr. Inwood's talk of the preceding night. We noticed that Badea was listening intently, and that when the prayer was over, she was crying. It was no wonder the children gazed at her. The careless, self-willed,

defiant Badea, crying! She went out with her teacher to another room, and her prayer was, "Oh, Lord Jesus, I am a sinner. Change my heart and cleanse it from sin."

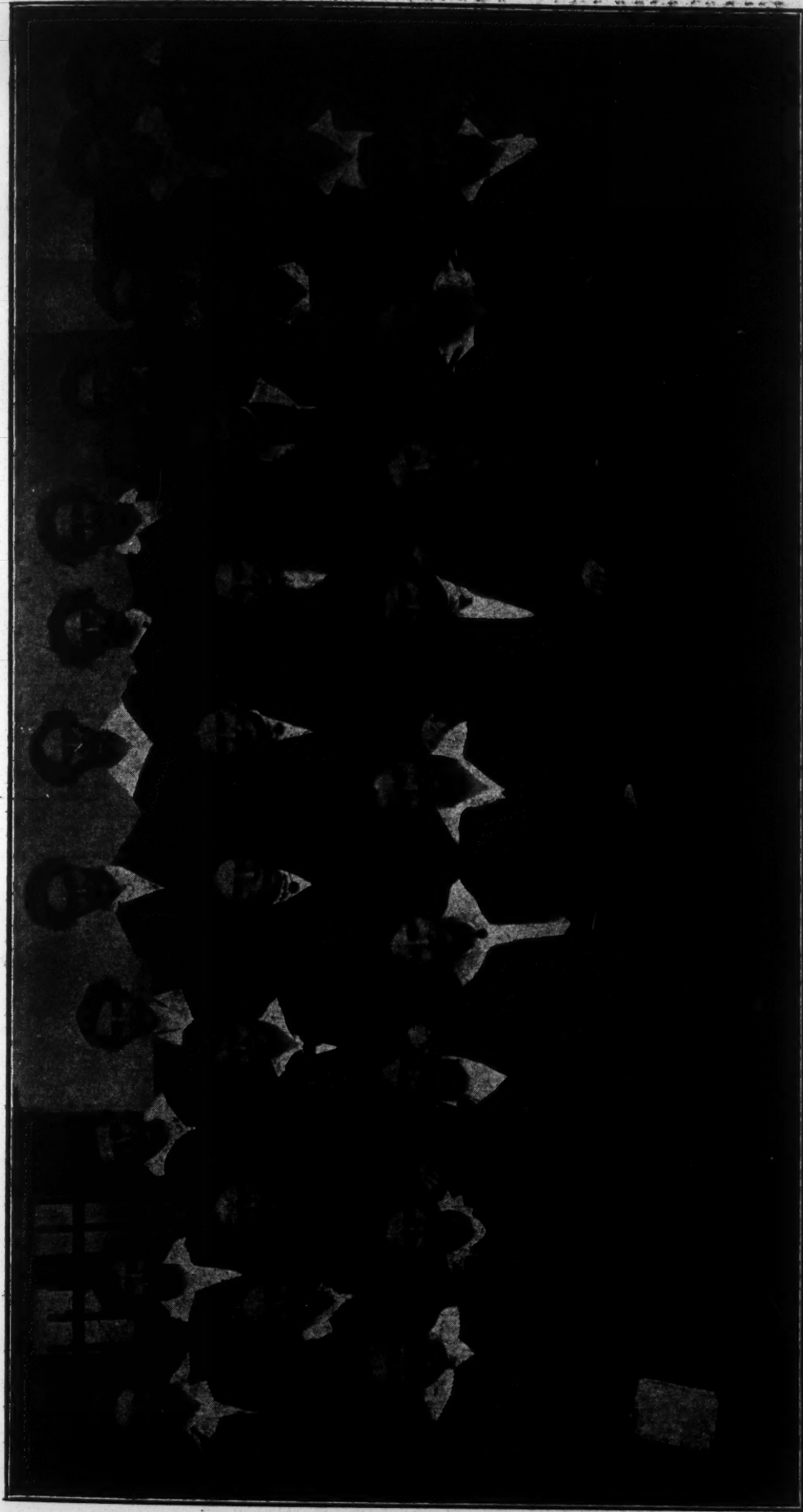
She wanted to come to the meeting that night and one of the teachers went for her, but her father did not come home till late, and she could not come without first asking his permission. The next night was Mr. Inwood's final meeting, and we prayed that in some way Badea would be able to attend. Her father came home early, but it was evidently God's will that she should not come, for her grandmother was ill, and she did not want to ask to go away.

There are those who say that the day of miracles is past, but what is it but a miracle, when a girl, who has in many ways shown her contempt for our Bible and our Christ, suddenly changes and becomes a lover of that same Bible and that same Christ.

Badea's life since that morning has been showing forth the Christ Who now dwells within her. And she has been witnessing to her Lord. One afternoon last week, she was at the house of a neighbor; another woman was there, and they were discussing sickness and what to do for this and that disease. The woman it seems, has been to Mecca, and visited the tomb of the prophet, and for that reason claimed to be able to cure anyone on whose head she placed her hands. Badea cursed the prophet, which of course she shouldn't have done, and said, "Your prophet can't heal anyone; but if you pray to the Lord Jesus Christ, He will heal." The woman, of course, was very angry, and said that she would tell Badea's father, but he, much to her surprise said that he didn't care what prophet was cursed—one was just as good as another.

You will no doubt wonder and think it dreadful that a girl should curse. It is dreadful and Badea was shown how wrong it was, and how her Master wanted her—instead of cursing the prophet—to tell of her new-found Savior's love. But one must not think too hardly of Badea for cursing. The children of this land hear cursing continually in their homes. It seems to me that the women can scarcely say two sentences without uttering an oath. In one of the homes one day the mother and father were proudly showing off to some guests, their little son, who was just beginning to talk. The father said, "Curse your mother," and the little thing did it. The mother said, "Spit at your father," and the child did it. And then they laughed and thought how wonderfully clever their little one was. Is it any wonder that children born and reared under such influences, should curse and utter oaths when they grow older? It comes quite naturally to them.

Badea has yet much to learn. She is still a babe in Christ; and the thought of the days to come, when her people learn of the change in her life, looms up in the distance like a dark, menacing cloud. Her people will no doubt, the moment they hear of it, arrange to marry her to some Mohammedan. That very thing is happening to one of our girls right now, who has become a follower of our Lord, and whose brother has arranged for her to marry a man who already has a wife who is now paying the penalty of her husband's sins. But we will trust and not fear but that He Who began a good work in these young lives will perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ.



OUR MISSIONARIES IN EGYPT.

Back row standing, from left to right: Misses Hammond, Martin, McMillan, Criswell, Atchison, McConaughy, Work, Smith, Hosack, Paden, Barnes, Walker.

Second row: Misses Pattison, Ferrier, Finney, Margaret Smith, Thompson, Buchanan, Hogg, Cabeen, French.

First row: Misses Holland, Baird, Finney, Thompson, Giffen, Downey, Mason, Helen Martin, Eddy.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

DEATH OF MISS NANCY J. SPENCER.

A cablegram was received from India on the 7th of September saying, "Spencer dead; apoplexy." We know what sorrow and sadness this message will bring to all who knew this loyal worker in India. She was twenty-two years in the service of our Church and our Master in the far away land; calm, dignified demeanor, clear judgment and winning personality. She was loved wherever she was known and wielded great influence and power through the whole Mission. To her bereaved sister and brothers, the heartfelt sympathy of every member of our Board goes out. To all our beloved missionaries in India who are so keenly bereft and who hardly know how to do without Nancy Spencer we can only say the Master makes no mistakes.

* * * *

The Latest Word From Tanta Hospital.

A letter received from Dr. Grant, dated September 14th gives the latest word from Tanta Hospital. All the money that was forwarded has been expended and more is still needed owing to the remarkable and unusual increase of price on account of war. He says iron pieces that they were paying \$20.00 for increased to \$150.00. The freight expenses for the elevator which in normal times cost little or nothing amounted to \$300.00. For sanitary equipment, because you know there are no sewers in Tanta, the committee had estimated \$250.00 which was ample at the time. When the work came to be done it cost \$1600.00. You can readily see that no committee of missionaries or no missionary board could possibly anticipate these increases in price. We therefore need \$2500.00 before the building proper can be completed. In addition to that amount there will be money needed for painting of the old part of the hospital, color washing and white washing, building of fences, side, front and rear, necessary grading in order to make drive ways and fitting up rooms under outside bath houses amounting to about \$1500.00 more or a total of \$4000.00 before the building proper can be completed.

* * * *

We call attention to the number of new illustrations and the amount of missionary information and the pictures of the workers in this issue, anyone of whom could demand large salaries in this country but who prefer for His dear sake to work with all their might for a mere living. If the women at home were just as consecrated, appeals would not need to be made because voluntary contributions to temporal things would be made as freely as these chosen ones have given their lives and the Lord's treasuries would overflow. There are about 8,000 women in our United Presbyterian Church who are interested enough in Missions to subscribe for our wonderful Magazine. If 8,000 more would feel that they could part with a *paltry dollar*, each, and receive instead this monthly Magazine full of enthusiastic missionary information, who could estimate the good that would be done, the homes that would be reached and the encouragement that would come to our editorial committee from seeing that their labors were in some faint degree appreciated. Let us pray that before the Sterling Convention in May, 1917, the subscription list of the Magazine will be not less than 15,000.

Thank God for the safe return of all our missionaries from Egypt, India, and the Sudan, for the safe journey for those who go out from us, for a spirit of consecration and service to be poured out in fuller measure over our whole Church that the work of the Lord may grow and prosper through this instrumentality.

MRS. H. C. CAMPBELL.

Foreign Secretary.

A BLIGHTED BUD.

A number of years ago I stopped one day with the Bible woman to see Sitt Hanum. She sat upon the floor with her baby boy in her lap, while her little girl played near us. The Bible teacher sat before her and began reading and explaining the Scripture lesson. Being anxious to learn what improvement Hanum had made since my last visit, I watched her closely. Soon I was impressed with the woe-begone expression on her face. Her attitude toward us was cordial enough, but there was an air of force-work about her every look and act.



SITT HANUM LISTENING TO NADAE,
THE BIBLE WOMAN.

The little girl standing is the one the first husband wanted to call Fatma, a Moslem name.

My mind quickly ran back to the first time that I had seen her about eight or nine years ago. She was then a haughty, saucy bride, having been married a few months before to her cousin, who was rather well-off. She had plenty of jewelry and seemed very happy. Both were Copts, and the prospect indeed looked bright. But she was

so independent that one could not help pitying her. After a time God gave a little daughter, and all went well except that, at times, her husband talked much about the Moslem religion being better than the Christian and wished himself a Moslem. She could not believe that he was truly in earnest about it, till the second little daughter arrived. On the night of its birth the father announced that she should be called *Fatma*. (The name of one of the wives of Mohammed). Hanum said that she could not consent to this and felt very distressed about it.

Her husband finally told her that he had accepted the Moslem faith and that he wished her to follow his example. He also told her some plans he had for having a second wife, etc. Her protests did no good as he was determined upon his course. Feeling herself unable to endure the position in which she now found herself, she found an opportunity the third night after baby was born to leave the house. She took her two little girls, and travelled all night on foot, from dusk in the evening until after day-break the next morning when she reached her brother's house. Solomon's words, "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall," were surely carried out in this case. The haughty bride of a short time ago was now the broken-hearted grass-widow, and mother of two helpless babies, throwing herself and her babies upon a family who had enough to do to care for itself. After a few months her relatives married her to another man. He was poor and, thinking to help him start in business she gave him her jewels and mortgaged her property for this purpose. He soon disposed of all this and then showed her plainly that he did not wish to support her little girls. What that mother must have suffered no one can tell. It was in

these circumstances that I found her when I made my visit. As I sat and watched her face, thinking of all the sorrow and anguish she had had in the last few years I could not wonder at the hopeless look upon her face.

Later I heard the rest of the story. After her departure from the first husband he had married not one but two wives. Soon after he came to claim his eldest daughter, making excuse that since the man the mother had married was not able to support all of them, and as he had plenty, it was a shame for him not to provide for his own child. The matter of providing for the child was really the mother's difficulty, so she gave her up with the understanding that she should be allowed to come often to see her. Weeks, months, and years passed before the girl was allowed to come to see her mother. And when she did come she was an object of pity indeed. Her clothes were rags, her hands showed signs of hard work, and her pinched little face and body told that disease was already claiming her for the grave. Responding quickly to the mother's affection and to the care she lavished upon her, the child began to improve and to gradually get back the *child* appearance instead of the old, wasted woman-look that she had worn. The mother asked that she be taken into school as soon as she was able to attend, hoping to make her education an excuse for holding her with her. The missionaries readily agreed, but before the child was fit to be confined to school work, the father came and took her again saying they needed her to look after the children of his other wives. There she is, a little servant, growing day by day in that Moslem atmosphere which is poisonous to any child's mind. If she lives to be twelve or thirteen years old they will

marry her to some Moslem whom she may serve for the rest of her natural life, and to *such* even a hopeless death is welcomed. The poor mother knows all of this but only says "*What can I do.*" Hopelessness seems to be written in every line on her face. The real source of comfort is lacking. It pleases her to have us talk and pray with her, thinking that in some way there must be a blessing in this but understanding so little of the Love that can save. Yet we know that *He is able to save.*

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

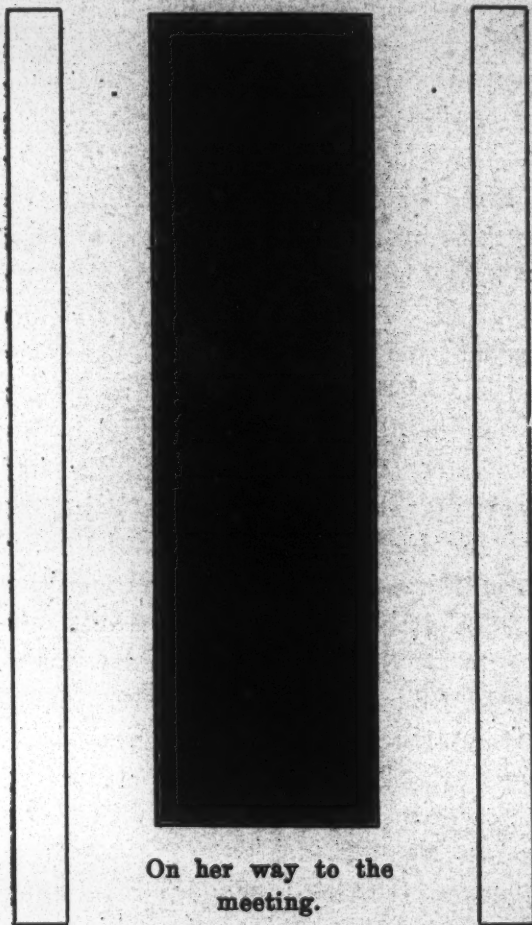
She came to the city from an up-country village fifteen years ago. She was then a bride of fourteen. Previous to that she had been in a mission school two or three short years. She had learned to read and sew a little. What further education did she need? Had not her privileges been greater than hundreds of her sisters? When she came to the city her books were left behind; she was a woman now and no faithful wife can waste time pouring over books.

Her husband must have loved his young wife very much for he guarded her very jealously. At least once a month she was permitted to accompany him in a closed carriage to the Coptic Church. These were the only times she ever left her house. She had no relatives to visit; they were in the far away village.

But after a few years she was given more freedom. One of her neighbors, an earnest Christian woman, became much interested in her. Frequently this neighbor invited her to attend a little prayer meeting in the mission school not far away. Usually her answer was, "I have no time for such

things," given with a shrug of the shoulders.

But finally she went to one of the meetings; the leader spoke in clear,



On her way to the meeting.

simple words of the wondrous love of God. She was a bright, little woman and the message took hold of her. "Does God really love me?" she questioned to herself. But if God truly loved her why had He taken five of the seven children who had come to their home, was the thought that kept coming to her mind. Again and again she attended the little prayer meeting. The Spirit of God was working in her heart and leading her on.

After a time the Coptic priest feared she was wandering away from his hold and took her to task about it. She talked to him fearlessly, even daring to criticise

some of the customs and teachings of that ancient church.

She came regularly to the meetings now and sometimes asked permission to say a word to the women when the leader had finished. No longer was she cold and indifferent; her heart was filled with the love of God, and she could not but tell others what He had done for her.

A short time ago she sought for admission into the Protestant Church, and among the body of believers is found no more earnest or faithful worker than the little woman who was formerly so bigoted in the religion and traditions of her fathers.

Her husband is much more lenient than in other days even though he remonstrated with her not long since for leaving the house from evening to evening to attend a series of evangelistic meetings. "Some thief might break in during your absence," was his argument. But she reminded him the Lord was able to keep the house. She was present at the meetings each evening and received a great blessing. She goes about with radiant face and spirit, willing for service. She rejoices in her life, now so different from that of former years. It is an inspiration to be with her and see her pure simple faith and trust in God. And very earnestly does she pray for her husband that he may be led to the same pure faith and their home may become a Bethel where God will truly delight to dwell.

LEOTA CABEEN,
Alexandria, Egypt.

FANNY.

Perhaps you have heard many times of Fanny, for she has been with Miss Smith at the American Mission Orphanage since 1907. She is now eighteen years old and has begun to do

Bible work among the women and children of Abbassia which is a district of Cairo. Fanny has taken a house near the Orphanage or rather one room on the roof of a house and keeps a real home for her blind mother, a clean, sweet, little home, which it is a joy to visit, with pictures on the wall, a really big bedstead, a dressing table made of dry goods boxes. These things seem like great luxuries to a little orphan girl in Egypt. But I think it is a beautiful pride Fanny has in this home which she keeps for herself and her mother. She does a great work outside, too, and stops every day at least once to see Miss Smith whom she lovingly calls "Ummi" (my mother).



FANNY AND HER BLIND MOTHER.

Fanny and her sister, Flora, were brought to the Orphanage by a Mohammedan Sheik who has become very poor since that and brought his own two little girls to receive a Christian education. After her father's death while still very young, Fanny was taken to the upper country where her grand-mother had her face tattooed. These disfigurements have been a great affliction. Although she was a strict Moslem, as soon as she was taught Christianity, the meekness and lowliness of the One Who was

mighty to save appealed not in vain to her loving heart.

In a way, Egyptian girls live colorless and shut-in lives, yet many of them come through tragedies untellable and Fanny is not an exception. With all her gentleness and sweetness she proved a heroine in caring for her sister Flora, ill for many months with epilepsy and who finally died in the German Hospital. By day and by night she lifted and rubbed the heavy body until her own health was impaired. After Flora's death, Fanny was sent to Assiut Hospital. There she had one of the greatest pleasures of her life in helping to care for Helen McClenahan. Several years ago she had Josephine Hunt and to this hour her love for Josephine is warm and tender.

Fanny is now fulfilling Miss Smith's highest ambition for her. Daily she goes to the homes reading and explaining the Bible and teaching those who are particularly clever to read. Everybody loves her. She has charm of personality. She lives and speaks the love of Jesus Christ.

Those in the field who support Fanny are very happy in the work. This house to house visiting and teaching brings results. There are many who would gladly send money to support similar work if they only knew and understood.

ISABEL HOSACK,
Tanta Hospital, Tanta.

THE COMPANION OF A PRINCESS.

Two years ago the subject of this story came to the Alexandria Mission House. She was a perfect stranger, but the appeal of her sweet troubled face incited interest and sympathy in her story which revealed an unusual type of the Eastern woman.

Many years ago Sitt Aziza, we shall call her, was brought, a wee little

Circassian girl, as a gift to one of the older wives of one of Egypt's early Pashas. She was cared for by this princess as her very own, being taught and trained according to the customs of those days. At the age of nine, this foster-mother died suddenly without making any provision for the future of the little one. The grand-father, then high in authority here, sent and brought the little one to his daughter's home in Cairo. Here she continued as a daughter of the household and became private secretary to the princess. Like Joseph of old, she became mistress of her owner's household who left all that she had in Sitt Aziza's hand.

Finally trouble arose. The Princess had been spending lavishly without the knowledge of her husband and to clear herself put the blame on this young woman. Through the servants she learned that the Princess was planning to poison her so she made her escape and told her story to Lord Cromer. He tried to help her but was not successful. She then came, of her own accord, to the home of a friend here in Alexandria. During her stay in this high family where many of the servants were so-called Christians, she learned of Christ and read some of the Bible. Thus seed was sown that was to spring forth at a later time. She was not content to stay with this friend, so took lodgings in a small boarding house. Soon her money was exhausted. The worry and disgrace weighed upon her and she succumbed to fever. The landlord was about to put her into a free charity hospital when, one of his relatives, a young Syrian heard the story. He said, "Isn't it a shame to treat a poor, lonely girl so." Again one is reminded of another Bible story for he had sent her to a hospital at his own expense.

When Sitt Aziza convalesced and heard of the kindness shown to her, she inquired where the person was, so that she might thank him. Finding he had gone to Aden, Arabia, as Secretary to the French Consul there, she wrote him a letter of thanks. According to her own story he answered making a proposal of marriage on the condition that she become a Christian. If she accepted him and agreed to this, he would send money for travel expenses. She says she was tired of the emptiness of the life she had known. Who else was willing to do all this man had done for her! So she wrote accepting his proposal. He sent the money and she was soon on her way to the East.

Her future husband was a Catholic and when he asked his priests to make arrangements for her housing and baptism, they suggested putting her into a convent. This went against his better nature. He was puzzled to know what path to take when a friend who was then a colporteur saw his trouble and asked the reason. The colporteur told him of Dr. Young of the Scotch Mission in Aden, to whom they went. Dr. Young showed every kindness to them and arrangements were made for her to live in a liberal Jewish family, during which time she was to be taught the Christian faith. She was baptized by Dr. Young three months after her arrival and married a month later.

It was a happy marriage, but it was the cause of the husband losing his position with the Consul who was a Catholic. They went to various places hunting work, finally going to the Sudan where the husband opened a school and Sitt Aziza assisted by teaching sewing and needle work. At last they returned to Alexandria to be near his family. Here after four years' illness he died. His

family had given him assistance during his illness, but at his death refused to aid the widow whom they would not acknowledge as his legal wife.

It was at this time she came to seek aid from the Protestant Church, without friends, no family, and heartbroken. With tears streaming down her cheeks she told bits of her history. On hearing of her pitiable condition, the one who baptized her sent aid, and for two years has sent enough for her house rent all the way from Arabia. Today this Circassian daughter, who was brought up in wealth and educated as one of the first of the land, lives in a small, dark tenement house. She has grown old in age, and is not able to do much work. We fear, in these hard times, she often goes hungry because she can find no work and is too proud to ask help. But she has a strong faith in the One Who lifted her out of heathenism and brought her to the marvelous light.

LAURA B. WALKER,
Alexandria, Egypt.

A LIFE OF SERVICE.

Many years ago the writer took charge of a school in the southern part of Cairo. Among the pupils of the school a bright-eyed tiny girl stands out in memory above them all. In those days girls were combed and bathed only by a "bellana," a woman who served a number of families in this capacity until husbands were found for these girls, the happy time which she worked to bring about. Then she was chief manager for the bride whose night before the wedding (bride's night) was to bring her a lap full of silver from the guests assembled. While the dancing women danced and sang and played, people were urged to pay into the bride's lap, the sum each gave being announced. Each time the

bellana combed and bathed these girls she platted their hair into numerous little braids (always an odd number) and tied many little light gold coins with black woolen cords to the ends of their hair. This operation was accomplished every eight days or two weeks. Between these times of combing, the hair would often be alive with vermin, but little Nuzlie's hair was always clean and tidy.



Miss Margaret Smith and two of her "orphans" entering the church at Faggala, Cairo.

Miss Smith has been in active mission work in Cairo, Egypt, for 44 years.

Her mother was a good woman who looked well after her household. The father was a tailor who worked for well-to-do Moslems. He was a fine looking old man but quite illiterate as most men were at that time and he was so influenced by those who employed him that he lost his belief in the Coptic religion. There were two others in the family, a boy and a little girl, who were taken to the heavenly home, which after a time drew the mother's thoughts heavenward. Just at the time of the boy's death there was neither time nor place for thoughts of heaven. The boy had said several times in his delirium, "Even so Father for so it seemed good in Thy sight," making us feel that the word of God

had indeed been "revealed to this babe." The poor mother was sitting with the mourning women or screaming and slapping her face which with her hands and feet were blackened with indigo. This mourning was kept up for days and weeks and months. The third day after the death, some food was placed where the boy had died. Then the priest with a bunch of herbs in his hand sprinkled everything with holy water, to send the spirit away.

Nuzlie had a peculiar disease of some kind, which the Egyptians believed was caused by demons and must be treated by the zar. So she was taken to a place where they pretend to cast out or quiet devils. This is called the zar. Here she was made to ride around a circle on a sheep with a rooster on her head and a hen on each shoulder to the accompaniment of native drums, tamboreens, etc. Afterwards the sheep and fowls were sacrificed and she was forced to drink the blood and smear some of it on her face. The spirit would be interrogated about what it wished, and then many things would have to be bought such as silver trinkets and amulets worn only by such patients. She was made to sit on the roof for days in the hot sun with nothing on her except a covering for her head. Our doctor, a Scotchman, who had done much for the poor and suffering, was taken to see her. He said that he had read of, but never seen a case of this kind before. He thought he could cure her but it would take a long time. So he began to treat her; God blessed his ministry and she was cured. Her heart was filled with gratitude to God and to her benefactor, the doctor.

She gave herself to the Lord and to His work. She wished very much to do something by which she might show her



An old photo of "Sitt Nuzlie" with her husband and older boys.

gratitude to the doctor. She tried several things and finally made a pair of slippers for him, putting \$2.00 with them that he might get them soled. Dr. Murison said that she was the first Egyptian he had found who was grateful. In those days it was thought a thing of great disgrace to go from house to house to teach the women and indeed there was often great danger. Nuzlie was once entrapped, but God heard her cries and saved her in a marvelous way. For a while we thought that she would have to give up this work which was so much needed and was being blessed. It was our custom to meet with the Bible woman in the early morning before school for Bible study and prayer and Nuzlie has often spoken of these meetings as being a great blessing to her, as I am sure they were to us all. Nuzlie was being more and better fitted for the Lord's work, always faithful, doing her best, loving and helpful. No wonder that she won the

hearts of her pupils not for herself but for Christ. How one gets to love and to depend upon such faithful helpers, but the time came when we had to part with her.

Not far from Cairo is a village where a Holland missionary and his wife were working for the Master. They took into their family an orphan boy. They trained him to help in the house and in the school and he became a faithful Christian teacher and helper. Now they want a help mate for their beloved son in the faith. No ordinary girl will suit them. Above all things she must be a sincere Christian, able to teach and keep house, in fact, as near to perfection as possible. They call one of our colporteurs and ask him if he knows of one who will be suitable. O yes, he knows the very one, and without any thought of those in charge of her work or how they may feel about it, they go straight to the girl's parents and the bargain is made. The missionary gets laughed at by her fellow-workers for having what they deliberately call a marriage bureau because so many of her dear faithful teachers are snatched away from her, year after year in this manner. The missionaries are all invited to a church wedding in the Holland Mission. The little couple (they are both very short) appear very dignified and nice, the bride in her trailing white silk gown, bridal veil and orange blossoms, while the bridegroom, Mr. Risk, looks happy.

Sometime afterwards the Holland missionary said to the bride, "Did I not tell you that our religion is the same as yours?" The little bride replied, "You sing hymns, but we sing God's own songs." His reply was, "We will sing the Psalms," and so they did. The bride entered heartily upon her new

work of teaching a girls' school and doing her own house work.

After a few months a new missionary and his wife came from Holland. The wife had some money of her own with which they procured a Government building and which was then being sold, and opened an Orphanage for boys. Mr. Risk and his wife moved in and took charge of the boys under the direction of these devoted missionaries. God blessed their efforts for these poor homeless boys as time went on. Then came a time of fiery trial, one of those Providences which we cannot now understand. The Cholera was raging throughout the land. It appeared in the Orphanage and struck down first the devoted missionary's wife who was like a mother to these poor boys, then Sitt Nuzlie's little son and her loved mother and sister and several of the orphan children, seven persons in a very short time. Grief overwhelmed them and then Sitt Nuzlie in writing to her old friend about it said, "I should have lost my reason but I thought I will lay my hand on my mouth for it is Thou O Lord Who hast done it." How these severe trials draw us near to God. "When Thou hast tried me I shall come forth as the gold." "All things work together for good to them that love God."

It has proved so in her case. God has been very good to them and has blessed them richly in their own lives. They now have a home of their own where morning and evening the parents and children gather around the family altar. Both Sitt Nuzlie and her husband still teach some in the Mission Schools and take an active part in the church work. Sitt Nuzlie visits the sick, the poor, the ignorant, and ministers to them. She has won the hearts of the simple village

people and they look to her for help in their trials and difficulties. She still helps her old friend in her times of need too. There is a kind of malignant sore head in this country which is contagious and does not yield readily to medical treatment, but for which there is a severe native remedy which always cures. Our orphan girls often have this disease when they come to us. Those so afflicted are taken to Sitt Nuzlie who cares for them as a mother. She sends for the woman who is to effect the cure. The remedy is applied under the care of Sitt Nuzlie who keeps them for ten days or two weeks and then brings them home cured. Not long since, I visited them, taking with me sorely afflicted little girls to be under her care till cured.

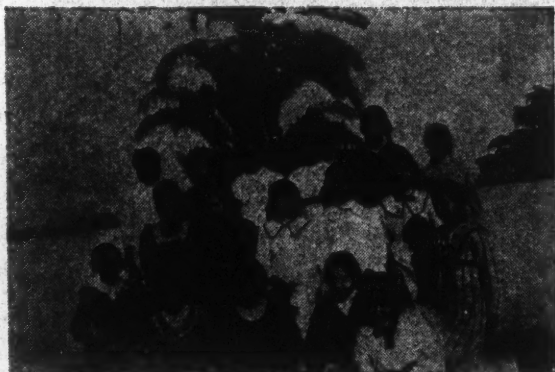
A visit to her home is always a great pleasure to me. We start in the early morning, going by train, and come home in the evening. She does not know that we are coming, but we find the house neat and tidy. It is a real home with four loving and obedient boys and girls. The eldest son is a translator in the Nile Mission Press and lives with his wife and little son in his father's house. We go about to see the schools and the workers and then return to the house where we have much to call to mind of the great things that the Lord has done for us. Mr. Risk says he is reminded of how wonderfully God directs our lives. "While you were training Nuzlie for service, Mr. and Mrs. Spillmar were giving me a similar training and when the proper time came He brought her to me and gave us this happy home." Then the family Bible is brought and there is reading and earnest prayer. Everything has been done that they can think of to make the day's visit a real pleasure, and when it comes time to start home we are always accompanied

to the station. The eldest daughter is called Margaret and she hopes some day to be a teacher and carry on the great work that her mother has begun.

MARGARET A. SMITH,
Cairo, Egypt.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM."

It is considered a dreadful thing out her for any one to change his religion, so it was little wonder that Shaker's father promptly bundled him off to a mission school. The boy was handsome and bright; his family, rich. He had been sent first to Government then to a Moslem private school. This latter proved to be very active not only in training its students in Islam, but also in sending them out eager to propagate their false religion. Their efforts were almost successful in changing Shaker's faith.



Half of our volunteers. P. M. I.

Although he had the best accommodations the Christian school afforded, he was unhappy. He missed his home and the excitement of the city, the fixed program from morning to night was irksome. His lessons he learned well but proposed to fail in examinations. Not long after his arrival he met on the campus an old friend from the Moslem school who had been unable to go for his second year's study abroad because of the war. The two soon roomed

together and, as both had doctor's certificates to be excused from exercise, they spent quite too much time and money in the nearby town. Presently Shaker's father visited him and, finding on inquiry that his son was wasting money, cut his allowance.

One Sabbath the sermon took a special hold on young Shaker and he commenced to think; gradually he realized that there was something in the lives of most teachers and students that was different. That something, he wanted and watched for. Day after day as he sat in religion class or saw little knots of boys gathered on the canal bank and in the fields for earnest prayer; night after night as the great group stood under the starry sky for good-night devotions after study-hour and psalms of praise rang out as the long lines sought the dormitories, his heart yearned, he wondered often why sixteen of the thirty-three seniors should want to be preachers, why so many of the boys should go long distances by donkey or train each week to preach or spend the hot summer in some village telling the story of Christ.

Vacation came, and home, but the city lights had lost their lure and he hastened back to work. Now he attended every prayer meeting, listened eagerly to every sermon with still that longing heart. For awhile Shaker kept up his friendship with Ahmed hoping to enlist him in the search for truth and peace, but seemingly it only hindered his own growth and he sought other companions.

Then came the evangelists and Shaker's joy was full. He saw it all. His heart was now the Christ's; his life, his Lord's. He longed to serve. "I want to pray in the meetings but I just cannot," he said. One chapel hour the speaker asked for prayers from the new

Christians, Shaker quickly rose, and, as he afterward explained, "Just could not help but pray. It was not hard at all." His eyes constantly beamed with the new light and he, too, set his toward the gospel ministry.

MRS. LORETTA MITCHELL HOYMAN,
Assiut, Egypt.

HUSNA.

She came into this world as sweet a babe as any other, whether American, English, or Egyptian. True, her surroundings were not the most luxurious; only a rude hut of mud and straw construction; floor pure (?) mud. For clothes she had a few rags wrapped around her small body. A string of cheap beads were placed around her neck, her eyes annointed with a black greasy substance in order to keep off the "evil eye"—that most dreaded monster here in Egypt. As to her name—it denotes goodness. Very nice indeed for them to let her have it—for wasn't she a girl? Poor miserable creature! There was sorrow, really deep and genuine because of her arrival. O! why should she not have been a boy. It must be fate, and no one can avoid that. "Fate, fate, our portion," or in Arabic, "Kismetha." So she found her entrance into the world most unwelcome. Soon she began to know it was her fate, "Kismetha," to be a girl. She must learn to make the best of it.

However, there came a day when there was great rejoicing in the same mud hut; many visitors and all kinds of good things to eat, sweets galore, and Husna came in for a share of the festivities, so that her little heart fairly throbbed with joy. With the grown folks, as she was designated, the servant of this new arrival—for was it not a boy? How glad she should be to serve

him. Perhaps that might lighten her load of shame at being a girl.

The naming of the boy was a thing to be remembered. After some discussion about Ahmed, Mohammed, Mahmoud, Mammeed, the names of several relatives, all derivatives of the name of the prophet, it was decided that nothing would suit but that very name of the sacred prophet himself, Mohammed.

Time slipped by and the boy grew to tyrannize over his sister, yes, even his mother. His position was secure as master in the house. Husna was happy serving the little lad who only treated her kindly when the mood was on him. She, however, seemed happy that fate had so decreed for her. A donkey was given to Mohammed and Husna found the greatest delight of her heart in riding, sometimes, behind her brother, or if there was a burden on the donkey's back, Mohammed would sit on top and ride while Husna might be glad to walk along beside them. At the same time she might pick up the manure in her little hands along the road, just as other girls did and place it in a flat basket on the top of her head to be carried home to the women to be made, by their hands, into cakes mixed with fine straw and used for the bread baking, fuel. * * * Days passed and little Husna was happy even to be a servant in her own home—taking all the beatings and taunts for Mohammed's sake. Her nature was beautiful and her love for her brother wonderful.

The sweet clover season had passed, the wheat reaped, the cows came in doors, the goats nibbled the last blade from the parched ground, while the sun blazed down upon them throughout the long hot days from April to October. Occasionally in the evenings Mohammed and Husna would sit looking at the

moon and stars, wondering who made them—their father had said that "Allah" (God) had made all things and He was to be praised. But what about themselves. People lived and grew old, or sometimes while still young children



HUSNA AND THE NURSE.

a thing happened, as the folks say, "the spirit went out." What then? Was that all? Husna was told that was all for her. Boys and men were admitted into a bright land called "Eden" but there was no further need for these girls and women. Some new beautiful creatures were to be provided to please and serve the men and boys in that garden beyond.

Alas, poor Husna! what was the use of it all? However, it was Kismet. Women were nothing better than the beasts—they must not learn. Men might

read in the Koran, their good book, and do some good deeds to gain certain merits for the next life. For the women nothing was offered but the blackness of despair, though something within her cried out there must be help for us, too. O! the dread of it!

Events in this little life came rapidly. The brother was taken away by death. The mourning, like all other mournings, was something terrible. The women came to the house early in the morning, remaining till late in the afternoon, their faces covered with indigo and their garments besmeared with mud, while they frantically tore their hair, beat their faces and breasts, wailing their solemn dirges over the death of the young man, lamenting most of all that he had died unmarried without leaving heirs, heirs to what! After this the fate of poor Husna grew daily more difficult and sad. She seemed to be the evil genius who brought all this trouble about. Finally her father seeing no more boys added to the family concluded to take to himself another wife, who at once proceeded to turn both Husna and her mother out of doors. Then to make it harder for Husna, her mother, according to Moslem custom, went to be the wife of another man and Husna was taken by some of her relatives and married to a big farmer while she herself was still a bit of a girl. He really seemed to love her and one day there came to her life a blessing in the shape of a baby boy. For this her husband loved her better and was kind to her. The years passed, the boy grew, and another boy was given to her.

The elder boy was taken by the conscription for the army in Egypt. Over this poor Husna cried her eyes nearly out. Finally her husband was taken away by death and the dreadful mourning which ensued caused the loss of her

vision entirely. Eventually her son came back from his first term of service in the army and was married and took her to live with him out of the kindness of his heart, being permitted by the Government to remain and take care of his mother, as the other son had died.

Even in her blindness and her mature years she was still happy to be a servant in her son's house. It is remarkable what these blind women can do. But alas, alas! her joy was short lived, a fierce fever broke out in the little Northern town where they had settled, it entered the house of Husna, carried off her son, his wife and child, and left poor Husna to mourn alone in darkness. Eventually some so-called kind friend offered her a place in the corner on the mud floor of their little home, the woman of the house being herself two-thirds blind.

She took up the burden of life again, each day going out and sitting in the vicinity of the Boys' School of the American Mission with her small tray of "toormies," a kind of small, flat, yellow bean, which when boiled with salt is palatable and the school boys like it and spend their milliums (pennies) for it. But poor Husna met with a bad accident. The women in her house were making coffee over an alcohol stove and spilled the boiling coffee over her foot, causing the whole top of her foot to peel. A neighbor woman came in and meaning to be kind, wrapped her foot up in a piece of dirty black rag, leaving her to her fate (Kismetha) again for sixteen days. Hearing of a nurse in charge of a small dispensary at the American Mission, they called her attention to poor Husna, but not before her foot had become gangrenous and the stench of it had even alarmed the people of the house. The missionary nurse

tenderly cared for her and also prayed much about the poor foot that it might be healed. Meanwhile she told her about the Savior and His love for all weak and suffering ones.

Husna was very grateful and listened to the old, old story which was all new to her and every day for five weeks there was a prayer meeting with a Gospel story in that house attended by the women and little children of the neighborhood.

At the first dressing a neighbor woman who was very much respected by all, also a Moslem, held Husna in her arms, tears pouring down her face at the sight of her suffering. Every day thereafter this woman was the right hand of help with the dressings, and kept the children quiet while prayers were going on for she seemed to have authority with them all.

Just as the healing was complete the nurse was called away to another town and so left them with the hope that the Savior will in His own way keep the light burning in her soul till the end of her days. During that terrible time of suffering she learned that there is light for herself and all other women beyond this vale of tears, life through the Savior, Jesus Christ.

This is a true story, Husna is still living and selling her beans at her old stand. We ask your prayers for her and all such as she. There are thousands of them sitting in darkness in this country tonight.

DORCAS TEAS,
Benha, Egypt.

THE BURIAL OF THE LOOM.

The great European war has brought various fortunes to the Egyptians. Some are suffering loss while others are carrying on a flourish-

ing business since so many British troops have been quartered here. It so happens that a large number of our Egyptian church members are in the former class. For this reason many churches failed to give their pledged amounts to the Synodical Funds.

At our winter meeting of Association, Rev. Shenoudah Hanna, one of our ablest and most beloved Egyptian pastors, made a plea for help. We shall quote some of it in his own graphic words: "First there are the weavers who work in the looms. The majority of Christians in Fayoum province are weavers. Since the war began these men have had little or no work to do. They were not able to make a living. So they said, 'The loom is dead.' So one day a great many men met together and put something to resemble a dead man in a coffin and went crying in the streets following the coffin. (It is the custom here for the mourners to walk behind the hearse or bier). Some people asked them, 'Who is dead?' And they said, 'The loom is dead,' and they proceeded to the graveyard and buried it in the tomb. Then they began to comfort each other over the dead loom.

"This reminds me of Jeremiah who took his girdle and went to the river Euphrates and buried it, and of Isaiah who was ordered to shave a third of his beard and throw it into the fire. This reminds me also of the great difference of opinion between Dr. Hogg and Dr. Lansing. Dr. Lansing thought that these things that the prophets did were actually done before the eyes of the people; but Dr. Hogg believed that these things were not actually done but that they were visions. Were Dr. Hogg and Dr. Lansing living these days, Dr. Lansing would say, 'See, the people are doing these same things at the present

time. This proves that these things when done before the eyes of the people have a great effect.' "

Rev. Shenoudah also spoke of the hard lot of the carpenters since wood is not imported and the demand for furniture is slight. The dyers, too, have suffered because of the difficulty of securing the necessary dyes from abroad.

And yet we think that there is a blessing coming out of these hard times. It is opening the eyes of many to the need of living nearer to God and to be better stewards of what He has given us.

MRS. STELLA KYLE GALLOWAY,
Cairo, Egypt.

FATIMA'S TEMPER.

Fatima's mother came from the palace of Tewfic Pasha—one of the grand palaces of the Khidives. She belonged to the ruler, in fact was a slave, although a very beautiful white woman with soft brown eyes and a bewitching smile which she still keeps even though she is now old. Because she was so beautiful and so attractive in every way, she was considered a great prize. So when one of the high officers of the

Khidive pleased him very much and the great ruler wished to reward him, he gave this beautiful young woman to him for a present, and she became his wife. Not only was she given as a present, but the Khidive settled upon her an annual income—with the understanding that this income would continue to their children if they had any.

But this brown-eyed beauty had no children, and she was determined to buy two or three, and pass them off as her own so that the inheritance would be secure. So she and officer husband slipped over to Constantinople. She remained there some time and came back with a baby girl. It was "given out" to the palace Secretaries or "Katibs" that this was her own child and the amount of the yearly allowance was increased. A year or two later she went again to Constantinople and bought another baby girl. Many of the poor people there sell their children, especially their girls for a very small sum.

This second little girl was Fatima—the subject of this story. Very little is known of Fatima's real parentage except that she was of lowly birth. Perhaps her parents were peasants, or she was the child of a divorced wife who would gladly sell her for a few piasters. At any rate she was of such low origin that when she would let her fiery temper fly, as she often did, her "princess" foster-mother would say to her, "You are no child of mine, I just picked you from the streets." As the little thing grew up she was sent, decked out in silks and velvets, to the mission school. Her great enemy was her volcanic temper. She would fly into a perfect rage when things did not go to please her. She would put her head against a door or wall and then kick hard, much to the peril of the paint and plaster and shoes.



The "horseless" carriage belonging to the Girls' College, Cairo, which takes the students back and forth from distant parts of the city.

When she was brought out of her fit of anger she was as sunny as an April day after a shower, and always, when she was herself she was sweet and interesting, but when that tempest of hurt feelings got started there seemed no way to stop it until it had spent itself. Punishment seemed to do little good. She quite baffled the powers of her teachers. Some of the mothers and relatives of children in Egypt seem to cultivate the bad tempers of the little ones. The wee babies are teased and annoyed just to see them put forth their puny strength in anger. The more they strike and kick and scream the more amusing they are to their friends.

You have sometimes stood before the cage of some wild animals and have seen some one who is not a member of the society for the protection of cruelty to animals, tease and annoy the poor caged creature until it would lash itself into a perfect fury. This is a fairly good picture of the early training of many children here. After they grow a little older they find that they can always

gain whatever they wish if they scream loud enough and kick hard enough. Little Fatima had, no doubt, by inheritance a bad temper, and then had had such splendid cultivation of it that when she came to school she seemed almost hopeless.

On the very day that Fatima's mother was taken out of the palace another young woman whom she called her sister was taken out and given to another officer. These two girl brides were great friends and lived close together so that they saw each other frequently. This sister-friend of Fatima's mother had several children, and it was early planned by the families that the eldest son should marry Fatima. The engagement which is really the marriage ceremony took place while Fatima was still quite a little girl. The boy grew up and was sent off to America for his education. When Fatima had her vacations from school she was always sent to her future father-in-law's home, not to her mother's. So when the mother wished to see the child she had to come to the



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school. The mother came frequently to see her adopted daughter whom she loved very dearly. Her visits were very pleasant ones, and she was such an affectionate, cheery person that she was always welcome. She would talk to the missionary in charge about her daughter and would often go back in her own life to the days when she was in the palace of the Khidive and give interesting descriptions of the court life, and then when she would leave, she always went through the ceremony of blowing away the evil spirit from the school. How we longed to have her accept the One Who alone is able to save and cleanse from Evil.

Fatima learned to read God's Word and to love it. She learned that there was something to satisfy her soul's cravings if she only dared to accept. An evangelist came to the school and preached the word in such a way that she was compelled to cry out, "My Lord and my God," and to take the Savior as her own. Then the wonders of wonders took place—this temper that had given her so much trouble all these years disappeared, she knew that she was accepted of God, but she dared not publicly confess that she was a Christian although she did in private. The husband came back from America and the formal week of wedding festivities followed.

Then, as a bride, she took possession of her new home. Although the husband is a Moslem in name, the two read the Bible together daily. She is now the happy mother of a little baby boy and she says she is going to train him up to love the Book and to love the Savior Whom she loves.

This story is true, and typical of many who have not yet come out boldly on the

Lord's side, but who are serving Him in secret.

Pray for more liberty and for more courage for these who, Moses-like, have just looked over into the promised land from the mountain top. Pray that all may be permitted to enter the heavenly Canaan.

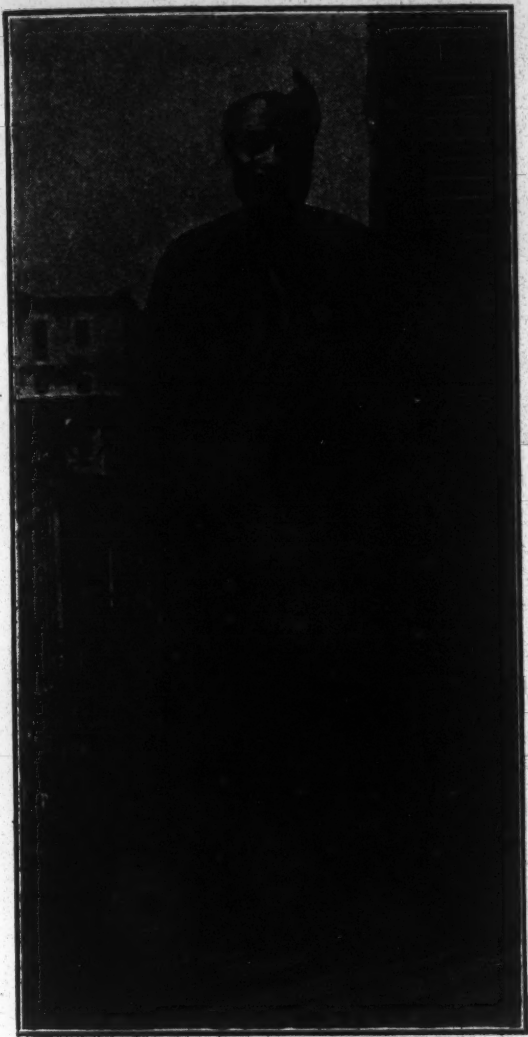
CARRIE M. BUCHANAN,
Cairo, Egypt.

UNCLE GALLADI.

The hero of this little tale is not what most folks would say of a very promising appearance—short, stocky, a rather dull, heavy face, and eye-sight so poor that it is scarcely one-fourth sight. Yet this poor defective man, old before his time, leads an earnest Christian life that we might strive after.

He was born in one of the dirtiest and wickedest mud villages of the Delta. When a lad of fourteen he was married by his parents to a girl very mentally deficient. They had had twelve children. When a youth his brother-in-law took him under his wings as partner in a small native store, selling calico and canton flannel. He worked along faithfully for some time having received a mud house from his mother in which to live. By hook or crook his brother-in-law took charge of the money side of the business and Am Galladi, the young man, believed and trusted him; until one day his partner informed him that the young man was in debt to him more than the value of the mud house in which he and his wife lived. So he found himself homeless, and leaving his wife and children under his mother's roof, he came to Tanta.

He had heard of Dr. Anna Watson, that she had a big heart, so he went to her, and found work scrubbing floors, and such like work. In this capacity



UNCLE GALLADI.

he served for ten years one after another of our missionaries until Mr. Boyd came to Tanta. He was made caretaker of the Young Men's Reading Room, and ran errands any odd moments he had.

He was a Copt and his village was noted for its fanaticism against the Protestants, whom they regarded with suspicion, because of the enlightenment they brought with them. This man, Galladi, praised the missionaries greatly, saying that real religion shone in their lives, and on being asked why he had not confessed Christ before men, he answered that he had the bad habit of cursing, and until he had stopped for a year, he could not stand up and confess

Him. At last he proudly told Mr. Boyd that he wished to be received, but not in the church in Tanta; he wished to go to his own village, and be received among those who knew him, and before whom it would mean something to confess Christ. The Copts, who number 1,000,000 in Egypt, among 10,000,000 Mohammedans, are the remnant of the old church that St. Mark established. They worship the Virgin, and many of them have never heard of Christ.

One day we went to his village to hold a service for the small number of believers there, and Am Galladi was received into the number of believers. His life has been a rebuke to me many times. Always willing and ready to do whatever is asked, and always cheerful about it.

When we see such as he standing firm amid persecution and scorn, we go on praising God Who it able to save these people, and oh! so thankful for the privileges that we have had in a Christian land. Yet, *what are we?*

MRS. MARY H. BOYD,
Tanta, Egypt.

TOURIST CONVERSATION OVERHEARD IN LUXOR HOTEL.

"Did you see that large, white stone building today as we were going to Karnak?" said the twentieth century architect seating himself comfortably in a large mushribea chair.

"No," said a big fat American lady, "I couldn't see anything for my donkey was going so fast I was afraid of falling off or running into someone else and every one was yelling and screaming. My donkey boy was continually prodding the patient little beast. You know they have pins in the end of their sticks and each time they prick them the donkeys jump to the side. Well, with

holding on, managing my skirt and holding my hat on I didn't have time to look either to the right or left."

"I was just wondering," continued our friend with the building brain, "what that structure was. It looks like some big Government building and stands up so imposing and modern looking, on the way to the ruins of the ancient Egyptians. I suppose it is just an antiquity place of some kind."



The little blind girl diligently studying her lesson.

"Oh no," spoke up the little preacher who had joined himself to the party of sight-seers. "I know what the building is. It doesn't have anything to do with the Ancient Egyptians or their work. It is here to look after the Modern Egyptians and they are to clean up this old place and its people not only bodily but also mentally and spiritually. I was riding along after the rest of you this morning and heard a scream and looked into the garden just in time to see a little bushy-headed girl pelting two or three larger girls with stones as hard as she could throw them. She was evidently mistress of the situation for although the others tried hard enough

they didn't dare come near her and she drove them on yelling and screaming.

"Noticing that they were cleaner than any I had seen thus far I decided to slip away from the rest of you and investigate the place. Just as I went in I saw my same little friend of a few minutes before standing up very meek and quiet (rather a contrast to her former attitude) before what was really and truly a white woman. (I won't tell you all I think about that woman, he said, with a wink, but at least I can say she is pretty nice). She was jabbering away at her with this indescribable gift of tongues peculiar to this land and judging from the sound of the voice and the appearance of the girl, the punishment rendered must have been the kind that little boys so often hear about hurting the parent more than the boy. Just then I entered and put a stop to the motherly advice and to my great astonishment found myself standing in front of an American woman away in this unheard of spot."

"You do not mean to say that those Americans have another mission school here, too," spoke up the little Frenchman who up to this point had seemingly taken no interest in the conversation.

"Yes, that is just what I mean, but never mind the school. Go and see it for yourself if you want to see real work in the place where they are truly helping these poor women."

"Oh, yes, these poor women," spoke up the fat American lady, who by the tilt of her hat and the firmness of her chin could be easily recognized as a suffragist, "Why if I was one of them I'd——."

"Well never mind," said the clergyman, "let me tell you about my little blind girl for she was blind as I soon noticed."

"Poor thing," said the lady of large proportion ready to melt with sympathy.

"Yes, she is poor and yet that girl will always be able to take care of herself. Well, today was the first time in a long time she has been so naughty and her teachers were all feeling so discouraged. A few years ago she was the terror of the school; would obey no rules except with the help of a stronger will than her own or a ruler; would chase the girls round beating them and hitting them with stones."

"Well, why did they ever keep such a girl? Why in France we would not keep a girl like that in any school. We would send her home in a hurry," sneered the Frenchman.

"Oh, they would not send her home, although she has been a great trouble. They are making a woman of her," retorted the preacher.

"Well, is it a blind school or how did they happen to get her? Is she a Moslem? How long has she been blind? Do tell us all about her" urged the American lady.

"She has no mother and her father, a Moslem, worked at the pump station where tourists visit a great deal. Great numbers became interested in her because of her bright, smiling face and because of the interest and devotion shown her by her father. He (the old wretch) is as bad as he can be and does this and takes such really wonderful care of her because he thinks that by being kind to this blind only daughter, whose mother is dead, he will have some special blessing.

"One day an American lady and her mother, touring through Egypt, noticing her cheerful countenance became interested and through their efforts she was placed in the school, blind books

bought and arrangements made for her lessons. For a long time she was only a day pupil, going in the morning to school. At first girls would take her back and forth, but as she often rebelled with them a servant was given this duty and while waiting for him to finish his work at night she found special opportunities for making life miserable for the girls of the school. As often happened when he, tired from his day's labor was ready to start home, she would take a notion that she was not going with him and it often came to the point where it took nearly all the king's horses to pull her out of the yard. She would jerk her hand away and run like a little tiger, every one joining in the race to recapture her and then off she would go, led by this big strong man. Through the constant efforts and kindness of her teachers she has become somewhat subdued, although at times her former wild nature asserts itself as it did today. Oh, yes, they told me, too, that a few days ago, just at Easter time when most of the Christian girls were getting their new dresses there was a new dress for her, too. She was so happy and ran out to the girls yelling, 'I am going to have a new dress, too; now I am going to be a Christian like the rest of you.'"

"That is a good missionary story for your Sabbath school. They may believe it," observed the Frenchman. "Yes, it is," returned the preacher undaunted by his sneering remark, "and while it is fresh in my mind I think I'll go and write it down," he added as he left the room.

ELLA DOWNIE,
Benha, Egypt.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

About three years ago I met a lady whose name means "Fragrance." So often names do not fit, but this one is no misnomer. She has a little class of Mohammedan girls to whom she teaches plain sewing, making her living by doing the neighborhood sewing. From the very first she showed a very great desire for religious instruction, and one could see her spiritual growth from week to week. At first, in common with her neighbors and all the rest of Egypt, she used the name of God in vain, swearing by Him hundreds of times a day. One day a little story was told to



Rev. W. H. Reed, Rev. W. L. McClenehan, Rev. Wasif Philibbus, Rev. Abdulla (formerly a Moslem). These four were on the program at the Bible Women's Conference, 1916.

the girls showing not only the foolishness but the wickedness of thus calling upon God, without ever a thought of desiring Him as witness. She understood and from that day to this has forgotten only once that I know of. Imagine the force of character required thus to break off a life long habit in which every one about her was still indulging.

Although married, she has to earn her living and contributes substantially to her husband's support. He is often idle

for weeks at a time and is, of course, a worthless, dissolute man. For a time after she began to consider taking a definite stand for Christ she thought she ought to separate from him. He drank and abused her, and she feared at times for her life. She went about this time to our Bible Women's Conference and there got a new vision. She learned how to pray and she grasped great central truths that gave her something to feed upon. She realized for the first time that reading her Bible was a joy rather than a duty to be performed. About two months after this, upon profession of her faith, she united with the Church and became the happiest sort of Christian. There was nothing in her home or neighborhood to help. On the contrary every influence was a hindrance to Christian living. So her Savior became doubly precious to her and to Him she turned for all of joy and comfort that came into her life. Sometimes I wonder if we are not too happy in our family and circle of friends to prize sufficiently the friendship of that One "Who sticketh closer than a brother." She prays for and with her husband, she teaches her girls the Gospel truths and the spirit of the Ten Commandments. She spends many an evening and Sabbath afternoon in "preaching," as she calls it, in the houses of her friends.

At our Conference this year, she, a shy timid little woman, rose and testified how she had been able to give Christ the preeminence in her life. I was amazed at the depth of Christian experience and this from one who had scarcely been able to utter a prayer two years before. She has our little weekly prayer meeting, the Sabbath School and the Church service as the only uplifting influences in her life, and yet I am

sure that her life is as the alabaster box, giving forth fragrance, and so the little lady's name has come true.

MYRA BOYD BELL,
Alexandria, Egypt.

**SHE WANTED TO SEE A SOUL SAVED.
PART I.**

The Seed is the Word of God.

—Luke VIII, 11.

Circumstances were such that a young missionary was for a time left all alone in one of the Delta Mission Stations. The burden and responsibility of the days' routine of work, together with the terror by night of being all alone in an isolated, rat-infested house on the Nile, threw her into a state of utter disheartenment and discouragement. She longed to see a soul saved. She had begun to feel that all the seed-sowing, in which she had any share, meant only a fruitless harvest. One evening it was as though God touched her on the shoulder and said, "Let me give you a little glimpse of my rich harvest from just such seed-sowing as you and others are doing."

There was a timid rap on the outer door. There stood two men crouching in the shadowy hall-way. One of them addressed the young missionary as a friend, saying in a whisper, "O lady, here is a Mohammedan who wants to become a Christian." On inviting them in she recognized the speaker as a passing acquaintance, but the Mohammedan was a perfect stranger, badly disfigured by a bulging blind eye, and altogether rather repulsive looking. But the earnestness which was stamped upon his face and rang in his voice, as he related his story, transformed his whole unattractive personality.

"Yes, I want to become a Christian, and, O lady, believe me! I want to be-

come a Christian because I know that Christianity is the truth; not, as some people say, because I am poor, and I want the Christians to help me. I don't want any help to get work, because I have a place of work at a pound a month. I don't want any help to get me a wife, because I already have two wives."

Naturally, the young missionary was somewhat shocked when he made this statement, but the absolute simplicity of his manner kept her from making any comment, and instead she asked him to relate how he was led to want to be a Christian.

"Some time ago an old man gave me a little book; I read it. The words burned in my heart like fire. I wondered greatly. I read it many times; it satisfied a nameless longing which my soul had had for a long time. 'What is this book?' I asked myself. 'Is it another Koran?' 'The old Koran, which I know by heart, never affected me in this way.' I spoke to some of my friends about it, and they jeeringly said, 'You've got the Christian's book.' I, in my ignorance, did not know that the Christians had a book. I knew this man who has brought me to you this evening, and that he was a Roman Catholic Christian, so I asked him to tell me more about the wonderful things which the little book mentioned. He said, 'To be sure, I am a Christian, but I don't know much about the Book; however, I can take you to some people in the big town who can tell you all about it.' He has brought me to you, O lady, and now tell me about the Book. Tell me what it means by saying, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in His should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

The young missionary was over-

whelmed by the earnestness of his request, and after talking awhile with him, she sent him over to the good pastor of the church, who undertook to give him regular instruction in the Scriptures for some months. During all this time Achmed, for that was his name, faithfully attended church services, the frequent weekly prayer meetings, and was often to be found in the missionary's study, seeking to know more fully the Way of Life. In the course of his instruction the pastor tactfully approached him about the matter of his two wives. Achmed was perplexed when told that it was against the principles of Christianity for a man to have more than one wife, but he said, "I'll pray over it." When he came the next time he said, "It's all settled. I talked it over with my two wives. One said in great anger, 'Of course I'll leave you! Do you think I'd live with a Christian dog!' My other wife, the mother of my children, wants me to teach her to be a Christian, and we and our children want to be baptized all together."

In the course of time Achmed was baptized, but alone, for Satan had prompted his wife's relatives to stir up a strife between husband and wife, with the result that she has not yet accepted Christ. But Achmed is patient with her, and full of faith that she will yet follow in his foot-steps.

Truly the promise of Isaiah 4:2 is verified, "So shall my word be that goeth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void."

PART II.

"And thou shalt be called by a new name."

—Isaiah LXII 2.

When Achmed Seyyid was baptized he took as his new name Mekhiel Abdel-Messiah, which means Michael the Servant of Christ.

His heart and soul were overflowing with joy after entering into his new life and taking his new name, yet he was made to suffer affliction because of his wife and children, whom he had to take with him into Christianity. At the beginning his wife had expressed a desire to go with him; then her relatives began to interfere, and succeeded in sowing seeds of dissension between husband and wife. It ended up by taking her and her children away from him on the plea that he was abusing them, and altogether giving him a very bad name in the community. But he was a man of no ordinary stamp of character, being humble, meek, and strong in faith. It seemed as though this affliction was brought upon him to test the steadfastness of his faith. He never ceased to pray that his wife would come back to him of her own accord, and that they would be a united family in Christ Jesus.

She could not be happy away from him. In fact, being away from him only deepened in her simple mind the faint desire she had had to become a Christian. She saw what it meant to live without Christ, having before her a practical demonstration in her father's house, where lying, reviling, evil speaking, and all sorts of wickedness were indulged in without a qualm of conscience, which made her remember the straightforwardness and uprightness of the man whom she loved as her husband, but whom her relatives cursed and reviled as an "infidel Christian dog." She determined to go back to him, and told her relatives so. "Then you are as one dead to us," they said, "and we will never see your face again. Lo, we will mourn and wail for you, as though you had died." With that they gave the heart-rending shriek they always give as soon as the spirit

departs from the body. But all their shrieks and crying and wailing availed as nothing. She took her little bundle of clothes tied up in a handkerchief, and went back to her husband who received her with open arms and rejoiced with joy unspeakable because his prayer was answered.

He took immediate steps to put his wife under the care of a Bible woman, who would give her regular and sys-



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THE PRESSLY MEMORIAL INSTITUTE,
ASSIUT, EGYPT.

Sarah (x) is the daughter of Abd-el-Messiah.

tematic instruction in the Bible, and to put his children into the Mission School. This necessitated his leaving the farm where he was employed and moving into town, thus adding to himself the burden of going backwards and forwards, a considerable distance, to and from his work.

In the course of two years his wife was considered well enough along to intelligently accept salvation openly, so he

took steps to present her and their children for baptism. In the meantime the minister, at whose hands he himself had received baptism, had removed to Alexandria, and it was Michael's desire that his whole family should be baptized by the same man, whom he dearly loved because he had been the one to lead him along the way of Salvation. In accordance with this desire he presented the matter to the session of the Alexandria congregation, and on a certain Sabbath in October, after the morning service, he led his wife and three children to the front to receive baptism.

A great many of us shed tears of joy that day, as we witnessed the scene of a whole family openly confessing Christ, and as we saw the look of spiritual gladness on the face of the husband and father when he took upon himself the vows to train up his children for Christ.

When the wife and children took their new names, there was a ripple of excitement over the large audience to hear what they would be. Rebecca was the wife's new name, while John, Moses, and Sarah were the new names of the three children. The father explained to me afterwards that Moses did not have his name changed, for he was only two years old, being born after his father had accepted Christianity, so he had given him a suitable name from the beginning.

The baptism of these former Mohammedans had a wonderful effect on the large congregation who witnessed it. After the benediction many rushed forward, both men and women, to greet the new converts. As Sitt Rebecca went down the aisle on the women's side, many of the women took her in their arms and kissed her, first on the one cheek, then on the other, in the true Oriental effusive style, but we knew it expressed their joy and thanksgiving

because a new born soul into the heavenly Kingdom had openly confessed Christ.

And from the actual facts of earthly life we seem to see and feel and hear the anxious watching, the thirst and longing for spiritual life in this people that fills the heart of the missionary. All can be cheerfully and willingly borne if we see a soul saved.

MINNEHAHA FINNEY,
Tanta, Egypt.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

The little group of missionaries threaded their way through the narrow, crowded streets till they came to the house where the wedding was to be. The older missionary was to perform the ceremony. The new ones were to see for the first time this rite in the new, strange land. And to these last, it was not the less interesting from the fact that but a few months had passed since they themselves had stood together to take the holy bonds.

At last the house is reached. About the door and across the street are hung flags and lanterns. From within comes the sound of happy voices. In an upper room the friends and relatives are gathered, and soon the pair about to plight their troth take their stand before the missionary, and the long service begins—reading of Scripture, prayers, a short sermon and the solemn questions and answers. Then come the greetings and congratulations, accompanied by the shrill joy-cries of the women. After this a generous supper is served to the more honored guests, while a tray of sweet meats is enjoyed by the rest. Then the missionaries make their way home.

The wedded pair settled down in one room of the family house, with brothers, sisters, cousins and children not a few.

The months went by. To the new missionaries, months full of battles with the new language, and getting adjusted to the new life of the Orient. The two pairs—the bride and groom from the West and the bride and groom from the East—grew to be friends.

In course of time, the stork flew over the city, bringing under one wing a wee, fair, blue-eyed boy, and dropped him in the home of the pair from the West. And under the other wing cuddled a little, brown boy with thick, black hair, who was gently dropped in the upper room of the crowded house in the narrow street where the other pair lived. And the two homes rejoiced together.

Then—in some unexplainable way, there came a shade of misunderstanding between the two pairs—the one from the East and the one from the West. A certain coolness came about. There were wounded feelings on the one side, and grief and regret on the other.

And not long after, the shadow of a great illness fell across the home in the narrow street. The young wife and mother had developed consumption, and there was no hope. The mother from the West went at once to the home, again threading her way through the narrow, crowded streets. Going up the long, narrow stairs, she came to the room where the stork had dropped the brown baby. Such a poor, crowded room! On the bed lay the young mother coughing her life away. Sitting up on the foot of the bed was her old mother, and in her arms the little brown baby, his starving lips tugging at the skinny, empty breast of the grandmother.

As the white mother sat and watched, her heart began to ache for that brown baby. A sudden impulse seized her. But caution whispered to remember the little, fair baby up at the mission house, asleep

in his little white bed. This baby here was probably infected, and—would she dare do it? But the mother-heart won the day. And soon the little brown baby was snuggling close to a warm, white breast, and the starved lips at last were satisfied. Day after day this was repeated until mother and brown baby were carried to the hospital. In the meantime, the misunderstanding was forgotten, buried deep in mutual love; and the coolness gave place to warm and tender relations.

In a few short months both mother and brown baby fell asleep. And again friends gathered at the house in the narrow street. There were no flags now, and no joy-cry was heard. They

gathered to comfort, for there was mourning in the home.

Years went by. The fair baby grew to youth, and flew the nest for the land of his fathers. But the mother remains and still goes to the house in the narrow street. The old grandmother still lives, wrinkled and grey; and when the white mother comes, she is hugged to the old woman's breast and tenderly kissed. Then they sit, hand in hand, and talk of the days gone by.

And the white mother learns again the lesson as old as the universe, that love conquers all things and endures forever; and that the road to the hearts of men, be they brown or white or black, lies by way of loving sacrifice and service.

"A MOTHER."



GOOD-BYE EVERYBODY!

EDITORIAL.

"EGYPT IN STORY AND PICTURE."

It is our anticipation that this special effort to bring to our readers this narrative of mission work in Egypt will arouse great interest among the young people of the church. Especially do we hope that the young women will see the purpose of this message from our mission in Egypt, and that it will have a quickening influence upon their hearts.

No one can read the stories of lives recorded here and fail to appreciate our conditions, so in contrast. Our missionaries do not engage in work devoid of the experience of witnessing converts turning at great cost from a false to a true religion. If we get nothing else from these stories of Egypt than a sympathetic interest in the work required to give the gospel to the women of Egypt, the message is not in vain. How patient and loving the service required! What if any one of our writers should fail once in guiding and advising one of these aright? What if they should grow weary? It might be that the light of hope would go out of that life forever. Follow in sympathy and interest each one whose story is herein narrated. It is all real, too true indeed. We hardly need tell our readers that all the crushed lives of the womanhood of Egypt—and of other lands non-Christian—is the result of false religions.

We send this special number forth with the prayerful hope that the labor of love necessary to bring these narratives to our readers may deeply in-

fluence the lives and purposes of many young women.

* * *

When this issue is received by our readers, a party of missionaries will be leaving the shores of America for the several fields to which they are assigned for Christian work. The responsibility of making safe and comfortable sailing arrangements is a heavy task for the Secretary of the Foreign Board. Dr. W. B. Anderson, newly appointed Foreign Secretary, has an unusual care and anxiety this year because of the war conditions in the countries to which our missionaries are going. Even though India has no war the censorship is so rigidly enforced that every precaution must be taken. We must keep in mind that only *the Message* we carry or send to the people ever could justify the sacrifices necessary in the severing of home relations and in braving the unnatural conditions that are compelling the utmost precaution and which are of solemn and anxious concern. We know the triumph of *the Message* is assured, but no cessation nor delay is provided. "Go ye" means immediate, unconditional action, but the promise, "Lo, I am with you," guards from every foe.

* * *

Mrs. David R. Gordon and Mrs. J. A. McConnelee, who have been in the homeland for a few years, will be in the party going to India. They leave their families of promising young men and women in the care of friends and educators. Only

those who have had similar experience can understand the self-denial such a separation means.

The Church in India will give all returning and new missionaries a royal welcome. Indeed the native Christians will not be satisfied with anything less than a demonstration, so much joy to the native Church is it to welcome the messengers of Jesus Christ.

* * *

The Outlined Programs will be ready for mailing November 10th. See the price list on the fourth page of cover of this issue.

* * *

The Sudan study will appear in a separate issue. The failure to receive copy sufficient to use in this number has led us to make plans which we hope will work to the interests of the Sudan mission, that is to give to each mission the time and interest a separate study will secure.

* * *

October is the ingathering month. How rarely beautiful it is to bring our Thank-Offering into the Treasury of the Lord in time and measure corresponding with the bountiful harvests His world affords us.

* * *

IN THE BEST PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE.

Just where we are in the providence of God is where we can best honor and please God, and make the most personal gain and do the greatest good to our fellows. Any change whatsoever on our part would be a change for the worse. If we realize this unmistakable truth, what a difference it ought to make in our estimate of our lot and circumstances and opportunities! If God has chosen

our place for us, do we think that we could improve on God's choice?

* * *

What hast thou done today for God?

Answer, O soul of mine!

What thorny pathway hast thou trod,

Trusting in strength divine?

What gift upon the altar laid,

Of all that was most dear?

Or hast thou meagre tribute paid,

With less of love than fear?

* * *

COMING DAYS.

There is much apprehension felt among thoughtful people throughout the world on account of the changed social conditions that are to follow the war. The ideas of men are getting a pretty lively shaking up by the bloody events in Europe. There is likely to be a new order of thinking after the belligerents lay down their arms and the soldiers come home. They will not relapse into their old places or habits of thinking. The world will be smaller than ever, but the thoughts will be greater. These thoughts will have to do with society and government, both of which are to pass into a revolutionary stage. And the change will not be a formal one. It will not be a preserver of institutions merely. It is going to put a new aspect on civic rights and make the individual the arbiter of public opinion. It is the man and not the machine that the coming revolution is to bring to the front. Of course, this seems a little misty and indefinite, but that is the condition of all great social changes, at the start. We are going to hear a great deal more about humanity in the next decade than ever before, and less of wealth.—Exchange.

THANK-OFFERING DEPARTMENT

EDITED BY MRS. MARY CLOKEY PORTER.

2828 Perrysville Ave., North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Business Address, 905 Publication Building, Ninth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.



THE TOWN OF DON'T-YOU-WORRY.

There's a town called Don't-You-Worry,

On the banks of River Smile,

Where the Cheer-up and Be-Happy

Blossom sweetly all the while.

Where the Never-Grumble flower

Blooms beside the fragrant Try,

And the Ne'er-Give-Up and Patience

Point their faces to the sky.

In the valley of Contentment,

In the province of I-Will,

You will find this lovely city,

At the foot of No-Fret hill,

There are thoroughfares delightful

In this very charming town,

And on every hand are shade trees

Named the Very-Seldom-Frown.

Rustic benches, quite enticing,

You'll find scattered here and there;

And to each a vine is clinging

Called the Frequent-Earnest-Prayer,

Everybody there is happy,

And is singing all the while,

In the town of Don't-You-Worry,

On the banks of River Smile.

—The Rev. I. J. Bartlett in Christian Herald.

PRACTICAL LESSONS ON THE FOREGOING POEM FOR PRESBYTERIAL AND CONGREGATIONAL THANK-OFFERING SECRETARIES.

1. In all your Thank-Offering work make your abiding place in the town of "Don't-You-Worry" and thus find delight in your service for the Lord.

Delight thyself in the Lord and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. —Psalm 37:4.

2. If unjust criticism of your methods of work greet your ears quickly resort to the "River Smile" and let the blossoms of "Never-Grumble," "Try," "Never-Give-Up," and "Patience" point you upward to their Maker Who careth for you more than He cares for the flowers of the field.

Cast all your care upon him for he careth for you. I Peter 5:7.

3. When your should-be helpers disappoint and discourage you seek at once the valley of "Contentment" in the province of "I-Will" and carry out your plans under the shade of the "Very-Seldom-Frown" trees which grow at the foot of "No-Fret" hill.

Godliness with contentment is great gain. 1 Timothy 6:6.

4. Cultivate at all season of the year the "Frequent-Earnest-Prayer" vine, for under its clinging branches you will

be able to follow the injunction—In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God. Philippians 4:6.

A WISE SUGGESTION.

As no doubt many of the readers of the Missionary Magazine have never read the circular letters sent out annually to the Presidents of all societies, it has been suggested by one deeply interested in the Thank-Offering work, that this year's letter be published in full in the October Magazine—for their benefit, with the hope that all will unite in making the 1916 Thank-Offering the largest yet given, and the most spiritually blessed to givers and receivers.

AN OPEN LETTER

To the Officers and Members of the Women's and Young Women's Missionary Societies of the United Presbyterian Church.

Dear Co-Workers:

The Fall season of each year should be the most active part of the year's twelve months. Why?

Because it naturally brings to the mind of ever United Presbyterian worker for missions that the Thank-Offering Ingathering is nigh—the time when every woman whose name is upon the church roll should join with others in bringing her gifts of gratitude for God's rich blessing and mercies into His treasury, for the extension of His kingdom.

This thought should be quick to prompt activity on your part. The faithful workers for the Thank-Offering in all parts of the church might well be named "Legion" for they are found everywhere—North, South, East and West.

Yet—the one discouraging feature of our beautiful Thank-Offering work is that a large portion of the 80,000 women and young women of the church are "forgetful of God's benefits." They do not seemingly possess the abundance of gratitude in their hearts which prompts them to "speak the praises of the Lord" through offerings.

Doubtless they join with their congregations Sabbath after Sabbath in

singing the wonderful songs of Zion which are so full of praise and thanksgiving, but they too often forget to prove that theirs is true heart worship by "filling their hands" with gifts for the Lord's cause.

Think of what it would mean to all your church organizations, if you, who are already active workers and givers, should each one secure two or three additional workers and givers. How rapidly would all the women in your congregations fall into line and work hand in hand with you in support of the special work God has given into the care of the Women's General Missionary Society of which you are a part!

Think of the rich blessings that would come into the daily lives of your new members, which they have never yet experienced. Think of the joy it would give your Lord to withhold the "woes" He has pronounced upon all "who sit at ease in Zion!" Think of what such service would do toward bringing the whole world to the knowledge of Christ as the Saviour!

Think of the stars you would have in "your crown of rejoicing" on that day when God rewards His faithful workers—over having obeyed His command—"Consider one another to provoke unto love and good works!"

If your societies will not only observe "The week of self-denial" before your Thank-Offering "Ingathering" this coming Fall, but will make during the intervening time, the greatest efforts for new members in your history, and pray and plan and push the work as God expects you to do, the entire woman membership of our United Presbyterian Church will be stirred with interest in missions as never before. They will be eager to learn the latest news from the mission fields through the Women's Missionary Magazine, and at the convention at Sterling, Kansas, next May the delegates and visitors will sing their "Hallelujahs" over the largest Thank-Offering we have ever placed upon God's altar for the extension of His kingdom.

Will you not do your full part toward making this a reality? Let your motto be—"We can do it if we will, and we

will." *Begin at once*—Delays are specially dangerous in the Lord's work, when it needs your immediate help, now and all the time.

A THANK-OFFERING MESSAGE

To the Leaders, Officers and Members of the Junior Societies of the United Presbyterian Church.

How many of you have had the fine annual report of your General Junior Secretary, Mrs. I. H. Milliken, read aloud in your society, as found on pages 805-807 of the Women's Missionary Magazine for July, 1916? If you have failed to have it read during your August meetings, be sure and place it on your program for September—and no later. Juniors have a right to know the results of the year's united work—besides it is a good business scheme to keep them posted from year to year.

The actual gain of 61 new societies, of 2,704 new members, of 1,153 Junior girls and boys having joined the army of the Lord, of 129 new names added to the long roll of life members of the Women's General Missionary Society—all are most inspiring. But what of the 1915 Thank-Offering—the Juniors "love offering" to their Lord? *Alas!* (Shall I tell it?)—It fell short of the 1914 offering. Why is this?—"Had God forgotten to be kind?" Had He given you fewer blessings and mercies that you lessened your "Thank-You" gifts to Him? We believe not. Mrs. Milliken in her report says: "We are sorry to note that the Juniors of four Presbyterials and twenty-eight societies failed to avail themselves of the privilege of giving Thank-Offerings."

Your General Thank-Offering Secretary does not like this dark side of the Junior picture of 1915—so do not let us linger here, but hastily turn to the brighter side. The annual report of the Thank-Offering Secretary shows that twenty-seven Junior societies added their names to the 1915 Honor Roll by each society having averaged \$1.00 per member as Thank-Offering and twenty others received "Honorable Mention" for having almost reached the Honor Roll average.

Thank-Offering of 1916.

Juniors! Next May at the convention of the Women's General Missionary Society in Sterling, Kansas, we will be celebrating the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Junior organizations under the care of the Women's Board. You all like to receive birthday presents. Don't you? If you want to help make the story of Jesus and His love known to girls and boys in our home-land and in India, Egypt, and Sudan who know Him not, begin right away to plan for a large birthday Thank-Offering this coming Fall.

What a glorious day it will be, if every one of the 12,509 Juniors and the 1,350 dear Little Light Bearers will have a part in the Silver Anniversary Birthday offering! This will be easy to do, if every Junior will begin *now*—to *plan* for it—to *work* for it—to *pray* for it—and each give—through self-denial, even a weekly Thank-Offering into their little pink boxes on the Sabbaths. How the bells of heaven will ring for joy on God's holy days when the Junior girls and boys adopt the Scripture plan of giving to the Lord their special offerings "on the first day of the week." Cannot you Juniors plan to give silver gifts this Fall in celebration of the Silver Anniversary? You know that ten pennies or two nickles can be changed to a silver dime each week and thus have silver to place in your Thank-Offering boxes.

One good way to enlarge your offerings is to increase your membership. Let each member of your society secure *at once* one or more new members. Ask God to help you double the membership and He will do His part if you will do yours.

What a grand Silver Anniversary there will be next Spring if Mrs. Milliken can report membership of Junior societies *double*—subscriptions to our own Junior Missionary Magazine *double*, contributions and Thank-Offerings *double*.

Will you do your full part toward this end?

DAY OF PRAYER

Of the Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions of the United States, Friday, November 10, 1918.

The Executive Committee of the Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions has appointed Friday, November 10, a day of united prayer for foreign mission work and workers. A program for the day has been arranged and will appear in the September Bulletin of the Federation. Copies can be ordered from Miss M. H. Leavis, West Medford, Mass. The subscription price of the Bulletin—published quarterly—is twenty-five cents per year. It should be given a prominent place in every Christian home of all denominations.

It is very important, under existing conditions in mission fields across the seas, that this Day of Prayer be universally observed by interdenominational organizations, by missionary societies of the various denominations, and by neighborhood prayer circles.

All mission work must depend largely upon the fervent, effectual prayers of God's people if it is to succeed in winning the world to Christ Jesus. Preparation for the Day of Prayer should begin at an early date, and the program be given wide publicity.

Ye that are God's remembrances take ye no rest. Isaiah 62:6-7.

WHY DO NOT OUR PRAYERS ALWAYS PREVAIL?

Is it the fault of God the Father? Never!

Is it in the mediation of the Son? It were blasphemy to breathe it!

Is it in the inspiration of the Holy Spirit? It were sin to mention it!

What then? *The fault is in us.* At some vital point we are not responding to the great claim God sets upon us. Our prayers are hindered, in scores of cases, because we are praying for the coming of a kingdom which we hinder by our

daily lives while we pray.—A. T. Pier-son.

I Believe In Prayer.

I believe in prayer as the great force in life: I believe in prayer itself as a life: I believe in prayer as a passion, as an entreaty, as the utter longing and engulfing of the will in every great achievement. We have with God and of God the power of prayer.—Robert E. Speer.

The Sin of Omitting to Pray.

Prayer is the greatest force we can wield. It is the greatest talent God has given us. We may differ among ourselves as to our wealth, as to our social position, as to our educational equipment, as to our native ability, as to our inherited characteristics; but in this matter of exercising prayer—the greatest force that is at work in the world today—we are all on the same footing. It is possible for the most obscure person, if that one's heart is right toward God—to exercise as much power for the evangelization of the world, as it is for those who stand in the most prominent positions. Therefore is not the greatest sin we can commit the sin of omitting to pray?—John R. Mott.

United Prayer.

Oh, for the grouping together of small numbers of God's own children, who are in prayer together to God! If we, first, in the power of individual praying, and then the whole church of God in this nation of ours, will get to its knees in the church and in groups—the mighty signs and portents that tell of God waiting to visit us with blessings will be speedily realized. We shall become women and men in His hands to bless the world when we give ourselves to prayer.—Campbell Morgan.

Prayer—Its Power.

"Away in foreign lands they wondered how
Their simple words had power:
At home—the Christians two or three
Had met to pray an hour."

YOUNG WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT

Edited by the Young Women's General Secretary,
Miss Ida B. Little, 132 Allison Ave., Washington, Pa.

MOTTO: "TRUSTING IN HIM."

AIM: "COURAGE THAT DARES, IF NEED BE, FAILS, BUT DARES NOT
FAIL TO TRY."

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL WORKERS:

Miss Roma Beatty, Sialkot City, India	Miss Eleanor W. Maconachie, Pathankot
Miss Edna Jean Giffen, Cairo, Egypt	Miss Ruth M. Eddy, Cairo, Egypt
Miss E. Margaret Rogers, Frenchburg, Ky.	Miss Christianita Totten, Henderson, N. C.

RE-ORGANIZED SOCIETY.

Los Angeles Presbyterial, Pasadena
Y. W. M. S.; Members, 12; President,
Miss Quay.

A LIST OF WHYS.

One of the most common queries which follows a request or a command is—why? It may be only a mental "comment" or perhaps an audible expression. It matters little whether the inquisitor be of few or many years or whether the matter in question be of minor importance or weighty, the query is the same. Neither does the question limit itself to things secular. The Young Women's organization affords opportunity for a few whys!

Why, in the first place, cultivate the missionary spirit at all? Because we are Christians in a Christian land. If Christians, then we are like Christ. His one aim in life was to save others, or to be a missionary. Also, His last command was, "Go—preach." He, as well, desired us to be learners in His kingdom.

Why give attention to missions in the home-land? Jesus said, "Beginning at Jerusalem."

Why go further? He said, "Unto the uttermost"—"into all the world"—"to every creature."

Why organize a society? *Why* not work as individuals only? Jesus formed a band, sending the disciples out from

this center. Two or more pulling together can do more effective work and more of it in the same time than can separate individuals. "In union there is strength." Fellowship, sympathy and consecration are thus advanced.

Why form missionary groups such as the Junior, Young Women's, and Women's divisions? That those of same age, mental caliber, attainment, association and sympathy may work as one. The same result is not attained in mixed groups. The older ones by virtue of experience principally are likely to assume authority over the younger ones. The younger ones are either embittered by their position and rebel or take it as a good excuse for resting content in idleness never making any effort to take the initiative.

Why should the Young Women's Society render support to each department of work? Because it owes its existence to the Women's General Missionary Society, its "mother," so should be loyal. As a grown child, it is part owner in the enterprise, therefore should look on the expense as personal.

Why should each Young Women's organization, in answering special calls, remember the Young Women's Special Fund first? According to agreement, these six young women are dependent on this fund for their maintenance. No other organization is under obligation to

give support. It is therefore the Young Women's responsibility.

Why should each Christian young woman and every Young Women's organization give an annual Thank-Offering? Our young women are just on the threshold or are just entered upon the blessings known only to Christian young womanhood. Thankless young women living amid such rich blessings must certainly be ingrates.

Why should our young women read the Women's Missionary Magazine, particularly the pages of the Young Women's Department? How can the messages intended for this constituency reach it otherwise? It is true; alas! too true, that "having eyes they see not," many of these young women.

Why all these *whys*? Because many so-called Christian young women are not one whit interested in the mission of the church. Many are indifferent about being in the place of greatest service. Others are careless in the management of their societies or the distribution of their gifts. Some are a law unto themselves as to where the money they have collected shall be disbursed. It seems probable that the pages of the Magazine are left unturned, judging by results.

Again, *Why*? "Time is short and fleeting, eternity is long and near." "Never delay to do the duty which the hour brings, whether it be in great or smaller things. For who doth know what she shall do the coming day?"

—IDA B. LITTLE.

OVERCOMERS.

The question may be asked, what is success? And a rather satisfactory answer states that it is a favorable or prosperous termination of anything attempted. The persons who know no defeat are the ones who succeed in life, for as the saying goes, "Keeping everlastingly at a thing brings success."

We are bound to meet difficulties in life and there is a tendency in a great many of our lives to shirk our duties and let someone else do the work, but the only way to have real success is to overcome these difficulties as we meet them.

"The Savior of the Nation," as

Abraham Lincoln was called, had very few of the educational advantages with which the youth of today are blessed. He learned to write on the wooden fire-shovel with a bit of charcoal. He was very fond of reading and although he worked during the day, he always carried a book with him which he read at noontime while eating his meager meal. He also read in the evening, by the light of a candle, provided by his step-mother—whenever she had one—or by the light of the blazing logs in the fire-place. He had only a few books and had worked hard to get some of these, but what he did have he read and studied carefully, saying, "It is better to know a few thoroughly than to have a smattering of a great many." But he overcame these disadvantages and was a wonderfully great man and an inspiration to all: to those who read of his life and works as well as to his cotemporaries.

It is very easy in church work to say when called on to help in some way, "Oh, let someone else who is better fitted for the work or who is more talented than I am do it." What a mistake! That does not help us or any one else and we are hindering the work by not doing our share of it as well as overburdening the other person with work we might do. How much better it would be to say, "I'll try," "I'll do my best," and then, if we enter into it in the right spirit, we are sure to succeed. Then perhaps another person will follow our example and do her share of the work. It may seem of very little importance at the time, but—

"Who can tell what good may spring,
From such a very little thing?"

We hope one thing, but God in His infinite wisdom plans another. We hope to fill high positions or to receive great honors and, while trying to gain these, let the smaller opportunities slip past unheeded. But God may plan that we occupy some obscure corner in His workshop and do the small things.

The small stones are as much needed in the construction of a building as the larger ones, both for strength and for beauty, so a life well spent in God's service is just as acceptable to God if lived

in a humble and unknown way as one whose deeds are known to the whole world.

The King's business requires haste, for now is the accepted time. Therefore it is essential that we do our part in church work, for the work is great and the laborers are few and thousands are passing along each day who know not the blessed Gospel.

Let us endeavor, therefore, to do our very best at whatsoever our hand findeth to do, remembering the promise of reward to those who overcome as given by the Master Himself—"He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be My son."

—MARION L. MARTIN,
Muddy Creek Forks, Pa.

**A FURTHER MESSAGE AND A PLEA
FROM ONE OF OUR "SPECIALS,"
ROMA E. BEATTY, PASRUR, INDIA.**

School work in America is easier than going around over this country trying to teach these strange people in a strange language, but that joy I have in doing God's will would not be mine if I were not here.

I am living in a tent these days and going from village to village with Rev. and Mrs. Clements. We move about once a week. Other days we study in the mornings and talk to the people who come to the tents. In the afternoon when the people are free from their work we go to the villages in reach of the camp, visiting from one to four villages a day. At night we have meetings in the village at which we are camped. Our aim is to teach the Bible to the people by means of the stories.

We have many discouraging and many encouraging things in our work. My

heart ached today as I listened to a poor old woman begging me to restore her eyesight and to give her medicine to relieve the pains in her ears. There was blood on her face and when I asked what it meant she said she had gone to a barber to have him restore her sight and he had hacked the skin in several places on her forehead and temples with his razor until the blood ran down over her face. Oh, how dark and benighted a people are without the light of the Gospel!

At our last camping place there were about ten or twelve families of Christians not one of whom could read. When we arrived they could not tell a single Bible story. They became interested and learned one story and then they became more interested until, the night before we left, several of them, men and women, could tell five stories. As we sat in that meeting and saw the light and joy beaming in their faces our hearts were filled with joy. The light of the Gospel has come to that village.

Friends, pray that I may be used more and more every day to bring the message to these people. I am so unworthy, the Lord has been so patient with me. I am still slow in knowing and doing His will. I need your prayers every day. Pray that I may just surrender my body to Him as a living sacrifice and let the Holy Spirit work through me. I can do nothing of myself for there is nothing in me, but if I could rid myself of self and let the Holy Spirit work through me, these thousands of Christians in Pasrur district would know more of God's word and the Spirit could work in them. I am your representative and I can do what you have sent me to do if you will uphold me with your prayers.

FIELD SECRETARY NOTES. X

By Mrs. J. O. Alter, Field Secretary, 2514-a Virginia Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

Just a moment of the allotted time remained, and the *New Member*, at first merely curious, but now plainly interested, leaned forward to catch the president's closing words. "In the absence of your Thank-Offering Secretary, let me urge you to keep in mind our Annual Ingathering date, the 23rd, and, beginning with next Sabbath morning, we will enter upon Self-Denial Week as arranged for at the last meeting. You will recall our failure to qualify last year in Point X in the Standard of Efficiency, and so we fell short of the hundred per cent. record; but I believe God is calling us into these days of preparation for the spiritual blessing He has in store for us. May we think often of the sacrificial life of our Lord Who gave His best for us. And may the spirit of devotion and gratitude carry us on the ocean-tide of praise into the fellowship of His sufferings as we pray and give."

Home again, the *New Member* sat down to glance over the things she had found in her hands after the greetings were over. "I don't know why I brought all this stuff with me. Missionary literature has always looked a little dry—at a respectful distance. But after this meeting—I don't know, perhaps the fault has been with me all along."

She examined the Thank-Offering box first, without just knowing why, she put it in shape and set it on her mantel. "What next? Oh, this is the Magazine! I told them the outside cover appealed to me at least, and Mrs. R. said I would find the inside attractive, too, so here goes. 'Thank-Offering Department,' this must have something to do with that little thing up there on the mantle."

A few minutes later she arose, her eyes a little misty, and taking a silver coin from her purse she dropped it into the box. "I'm dreadfully late beginning, but I'll do my best to make up for lost time, if what Mrs. Porter says is true, I've missed a lot out of my life by not giving regularly. Oh! here's the 'Stand-

ard of Efficiency.' Now, what was it the president said about 'Point 10?' (Reads slowly). 'An increase in Thank-Offering, with observance of one week prior to the Annual Ingathering for daily praise, intercession, and self-denial.' Well, any American woman these days with a happy home and the best husband in the world should be able to qualify in that first point, 'daily praise.' 'Intercession!' Let me see! 'That's praying for others; of course I pray for Fred and the friends nearest, but I don't believe that is enough. Oh, here is the Prayer Cycle. Mrs. C— told me that would help me out. Why, what a list of missions and missionaries! Before I joined the Church I was told that the United Presbyterian denomination was very small, but the missionary end looks big to me. What date is this? The 13th, the day I am to pray for India. Dear me, that's so far away. Oh, here's the name of that sweet-faced lady that spoke in our church last winter."

That night, a very humble, praiseful woman in the quiet of her own room knelt and prayed, "Lord forgive me. I am so far behind in everything, but somehow I didn't know before. Teach me to pray. Bless dear Miss Anderson tonight in far off India for Jesus's sake."

Later Fred looked in at the open door, and asked, "asleep?" "No not now. I've been asleep for twenty-seven years and am just waking up." Fred didn't laugh. Long after the lights were out, he lay, thinking, finally he fell into slumber and dreamed that his sainted mother stood beside him with a glory light on her face. She held the old, familiar Bible, and her lips formed the words, "Awake to righteousness."

Next morning, the *New Member* pinned a sheet of paper on the wall of her room: "This begins Self-Denial Week. Sabbath dinner is a good place to begin. We always eat too much and are drowsy all afternoon in consequence, there's that rich mince pie (twenty-five

cents at least). This might be a good time to cut out dinner coffee, too; once a day is quite enough."

One week later, the *New Member*, ready for church, lifted the little blessing box from its place. "Why, it's heavy! Could Fred have—I wonder? Well, it doesn't begin to measure my love to the heavenly Father, anyway, what a wonderful week it has been! Every time I gave up something for the Lord's dear sake, I felt so happy inside; it was the easiest thing in the world to

praise, and the Magazine has told me a lot about the places mentioned in the Prayer Cycle. What, Fred, do I need some help in carrying the money box? I promised the Lord last night that if I could just have my husband beside me in church today, I would run this blessed week all through next year."

The president looking into her radiant face at the church door, murmured, "Transformed by the renewing of her mind."

HOME MISSION DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. W. S. Cook, Home Secretary, 1201 6th Avenue, Beaver Falls, Pa.

FRENCHBURG.

The enrollment of our school is at present 207, the largest in the history of the school for the first month. Starting school the first of August seems to have had no harmful effect upon the attendance.

The Menefee County Teachers' Institute was held the first week of September. It was conducted by Dr. Weidler, assisted by members of the faculty in demonstration work with their respective classes. All but eight of the teachers have been pupils of our school. In the evenings there was a splendid lecture course. An excellent spirit was shown by the teachers and there is sure to be a marked improvement in the schools of the county.

At least half of the county teachers are planning to come into our school as soon as their schools close. Some are now keeping up with their high school studies and are reciting to members of the faculty at night and on Saturday. We consider this the best form of the famous Moonlight School Movement.

We have been pleased to entertain the following visitors the first month of school: Prof. Calderwood and family, (Prof. Calderwood is Dean of Grove City College) Mr. Vaughan of Louisa, Ky., (Traveling Secretary of the Kentucky Sabbath School Association) and Mrs. Arch Poole of Frankfort, (a

reporter on the staff of the Courier-Journal). All of these visitors were impressed by the scope of the work the Frenchburg School is doing. Mr. Vaughan who has visited frequently all the mountain schools in Kentucky in the past ten years said, "Your Frenchburg School has gained the cooperation of the mountain people more rapidly than any other school in the mountains of Kentucky. It has also grown more rapidly in the last three years than any other school in the mountains."

At the close of the Teachers' Institute the members of the faculty held a reception for the graduates of the school. Ten of the thirteen graduates were present. They are all making themselves felt in the work they have chosen.

Our school has been recognized by the Kentucky Association of Colleges not only as of the highest grade High School, but also as a Junior College. The extra work taken during the high school course and in the two years of the Junior College Course will be accepted without examination by the State University and all the colleges of the Kentucky Association of Colleges. Our graduates will thus be admitted into full standing in the Junior year and be able to get the classical degree in two years from any standard college.

The state road leading into Frenchburg from Rothwell, the nearest rail-

road point, has been graded and part of it has been finished with gravel. As soon as completed this pike will afford much more comfortable access to both automobile and other vehicles. The completion of this road will leave but seven miles of ordinary dirt road between us and the nearest points on the great national highways. Automobiles can now reach us from the Dixie Highway and the Midland Trail. All friends of the school owning automobiles and their friends are invited to come to visit the school. You will enjoy the beautiful mountain scenery in Frenchburg which has been called "the hollow of God's hand" and also see boys and girls being transformed into trained Christian men and women. Anyone in-

terested in coming may secure a road map by writing to Dr. Weidler. Two days' ride from your home and work will bring you to your mission field among the mountains.

The foundation of the dormitory has just been completed. Individuals or societies may have a part in furnishing rooms at the rate of fifty dollars each. The dormitory will be occupied immediately upon completion, so it is necessary to get funds for these rooms as soon as possible.

An interesting story of our school work has recently been written entitled, "A Race For Ice On Tolerable." Anyone interested may get a free copy by writing Dr. Weidler.

OUR INDIAN DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. Ada K. Wilson, Secretary, 1112 South Ave., Wilksburg, Pa.

Whatever an Indian may be in order to stand well with his neighbor he must be loyal to the tribal council. If the Indians who attend church would bring that which they have heard, back to their tribe, and the tribe would decide that religion as presented met with approval, then the whole tribe would accept Christianity. They resent any one of the tribe deciding any matter for himself, and those who do so, are considered disloyal to the tribe and are usually ostracized from its social life. *This in Christian America among the native people!*

Strong chains bind these people to their old superstitions and customs. Even after conversion they have a proper respect for some of their ingrained superstitions. Mrs. Matthews, in writing of this trait, relates that a large rattle-snake came up to the door of the mission house, when three of their young men were there. They were asked to kill it but refused. When Mr. Matthews secured his rifle and shot it, the young men then gave their reasons for refusing: When any person kills a rattler he greatly endangers his life. The

snakes at once get together and hold a council and one of their number is chosen to kill the slayer of the first snake and the snake chosen pursues his victim until his purpose is accomplished. These young men were above the average in intelligence but still cling to that old superstition. An old Indian woman came to see Mrs. Matthews during the day and after viewing the dead snake, expressed her great regret that they had been so foolish.

Charles Kishwalk and May Quealpama were married recently in the church at Simnasho and the groom, who is a graduate of Chemawa and a bright young man, went about the matter in a proper manner, complying with the State and religious law in every particular. This event was celebrated by two days of feasting. Not many years ago the Indians observed the Indian custom in marriages and this respect to our marriage ceremony gives evidence that the mission work is bearing fruit and ere long we may expect uplift all along the line. Will you not pray for a great spiritual awakening among them this winter?

These people sacrifice a great deal to attend church services. Mr. Jackson writes that one intensely warm day, which happened to be prayer meeting day, he felt that no one but the mission family would be in attendance. To his surprise several Indians traveled eight or ten miles on foot over those mountainous roads to attend the prayers, and testimonies—giving testimony is a favorite service with them—were unusually spiritual and uplifting that day. *Can we say the Indian is not worth while?*

Then, too, we have heard the Indian accused of being ungrateful. On a day, similar to that hot prayer meeting day, one of our mission Indians traveled at least seven miles on foot to bring to Mr. Jackson a string of Trout, which was the result of his labors in one of the cool mountain streams, voicing, in this manner, his appreciation of benefits received through the mission.

I am glad to report that Mrs. Jackson who underwent an operation in the Good Samaritan Hospital, Portland, Ore., in July, has made a good recovery and is once more at home in Warm Spring. Mrs. Jackson is much interested in the women and children and was greatly missed during her absence. We extend a hearty welcome home.

One more accession to the church is reported by Mr. Smith from Tama—a young girl who has the honorable distinction of having read the Bible through. She is the first one on this reservation who has completed the Bible.

Surely we can be encouraged in this work. There is evidence in almost every report of higher ideals, higher living and a greater spiritual awakening. Pray for these needy people and as you pray ask yourself if you have done what you could to bring Christ to the native American.

STUDY FOR THE MONTH.

NOVEMBER.

EGYPT.

Bible Reading—Promises for Egypt. Isaiah 19:19-25.

Roll Call—A sentence prayer for native pastors of the Egyptian Church.

N. B.—A list will be given in the Egypt Number of the Magazine.

General Topic.

Egypt in Story and Picture. "Blessed be Egypt, My People."

The Egypt Study of November, 1916, will be a study of LIFE and INCIDENT on the Mission Field.

The desire is to get our friends in America acquainted with some men and women, some boys and girls in Egypt who are being touched by your Ministry of Intercession and your Ministry of Service for Egypt.

The 1916 Special Egypt Number of the Magazine is designed to be a special aid to this Study. It will be a "Short Story" num-

ber. True stories of LIFE and INCIDENT in Egypt illustrative of all the different kinds of Mission work are to be contributed.

Because of the nature of the Study it is impossible to present a definite outline, but we believe this study of LIFE and INCIDENT on the Mission field will be a very real inspiration and encouragement to all who undertake it, something that will give the personal, sympathetic touch to your interest in our work in Egypt, and be the means of welding living links of love between you who are ready to help and those over in Egypt who are in need of help.

It is suggested to the leaders of the Study that the "characters" in the different stories be talked about and prayed for in the meeting as you would for dear and personal acquaintances. The "incidents" also will reveal to you conditions of life and manners and customs which will be an appeal to you for earnest prayer and sympathy.

—Minnehaha Finney, Associate Editor.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

By Mrs. I. H. Milliken, Junior Secretary, 205 Lexington Ave., Aspinwall, Pa.

NEW MOTTO: MATT. 9:38.

AIM: A JUNIOR SOCIETY IN EVERY CHURCH. MEMBERSHIP 25,000.

Have you, dear reader, ever succeeded in reading the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" through with dry eyes? What became of all the children? Did they ever come back? How could the homes of Hamelin town be homes any longer without the happy little people coming and going, and playing about?

Our present quarantine and possible danger to our children in the dread of infantile paralysis, has awakened us to the place children occupy in our daily home, church and municipal life.

The empty classes in the Sabbath Schools, the discontinued Junior Societies, the closed schools, play-grounds and amusement parks force home to us the thought of the importance of safeguarding the children.

Their physical welfare is very important. Municipal authorities have bestirred themselves and ordered a "clean up" of the streets and highways, out of the way corners and scrapheaps. On every side we hear "keep clean." Yes, but what of the spiritual life of the child? What has our United Presbyterian Church done to "clean up" the path for the little feet to tread and the atmosphere they must breathe?

It is time for us to awake and bestir ourselves and insist on an investigating committee composed of every pastor, every session, every parent to inquire into the best method to conserve the spiritual life of every child. All they need is a fair chance.

Christ says, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones" and again "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."

Let us heed the words of the Saviour and lover of little children and put forth every effort to save the children.

What next? We will be permitted by the health authorities to resume our work in the Junior Society the first Sabbath in October. Then what? The Thank-Offering should be the first important work, for it should all be gathered by early December, in order that the money may be in the hands of the Presbyterial Treasurer by the fifteenth of the month. Of course the Juniors have all been thankful during the year for the many, many blessings they enjoy, and have been showing their gratitude by remembering their pretty pink "thank you" box, but at this time it is well to put especial stress upon it so they will all understand just what it means.

Mrs. Porter has a special letter for us this year and also a message in the September Women's Missionary Magazine. Have you read it? If not, do so at once, and let us all read and heed what she tells us.

The collectors for the Junior Special will not be out until January, giving us three months in which to put forth every effort for the Junior Special after the Thank-Offering shall have been gathered.

The giving of a Thank-Offering by every society in a Presbytery is one of the requirements for the Convention Banner. Last year four entire Presbyteries and twenty-eight additional societies did not have a part in this work. Are you one of this list? Will you not do your part to help double our offering of last year for this, our 25th Anniversary?

The study books for this year are, Foreign—Soldiers of the Prince; Home—Children of the Light House. The Literature Department sells both books as well as the dearest little foreign flags, set of paper dolls, Peace buttons and an outline map of the world to use with these books.

LITERATURE DEPARTMENT.

In charge of Miss R. Elizabeth Milligan, Literature Secretary, 904 Publication
Building, 209 Anderson Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mission Study Text-Books and Helps, 1916-17.

Foreign—Senior.

World Missions and World Peace. Board,
57 cents; paper, 35 cents.

How to Use "World Missions and World
Peace." Price, 10 cents.

Girls' How to Use, "Maid in America."
Price, 12 cents.

Set of Charts and Posters, 30 cents.

Foreign—Junior.

Soldiers of the Prince, 30 cents.

The Guide for "Soldiers of the Prince" is
included in the text-book this year.

Set of Paper Dolls, "Children of the War,"
30 cents.

Set of Flags of the Nations, 30 cents.

Peace Buttons, 5 cents each, 50 cents per
dozen.

Outline Map of the World, 17 cents.

Home—Senior.

Old Spain in New America. Cloth, 57 cents;
paper, 35 cents.

Teacher's Supplement for "Old Spain in New
America." 5 cents.

Home—Junior.

Children of the Lighthouse. 30 cents.

Teacher's Manual for "Children of the Light-
house." 10 cents.

Prayer Cycle. 10 cents each; \$1.00 per dozen.

Bamba. 10 cents each.

Our Sisters in Egypt. 10 cents each.

Master Builder on the Nile. \$1.50 each.

The following leaflets bear on the
November program:

Sudan, Bible reading	.02
Missions in the Sudan	.03
Bible Reading on Egypt	.02
Ancient Egypt	.02
Educational work	.02
What the Gospel Has Done for Egypt	.02
The Zar	.02
The Countless Egyptian Villages	.02
In and Around Cairo with the Bible Woman	.02
Thoughts and Steps	.02
Little Girl Life in Egypt	.02
Medical Missions in the Delta	.03
Sisters in Egypt	.03

Questions and Answers	.03
Religions of Egypt	.03
The Sorrow of Egypt	.03
Our Sisters in Egypt	.13
An Egyptian Princess	.05
Conditions of Women Under False Religions	.03
The Needs of the Heathen World	.02
Motherhood in Heathen Lands	.02

The offer made in the June Magazine
of a typewritten manuscript copy of the
Junior Pageant, "Some Servants of the
King," is now withdrawn. Our supply
is exhausted and the office work has be-
come so pressing that it makes it im-
possible to renew the supply.

We have been requested a number of
times by leaders in the Young Women's
Missionary Societies to furnish biographi-
cal sketches of the workers supported
by the Young Women's Special.

For various reasons it has not seemed
practical to have these sketches put out
in leaflet form: so in conference with
our Young Women's General Secretary,
it was decided to have autobiographies
of these missionaries printed in the
Women's Missionary Magazine instead.
These autobiographies appeared in the
Magazine for September, 1916.

It would be well for all Young
Women's Missionary Societies to keep
a copy of this Magazine on file for
future reference, as these sketches will
not be printed in any other form. An
interesting history of the Young Wo-
men's Special might be compiled by col-
lecting articles from these missionaries
in regard to their work, or items con-
cerning them, as they appear from time
to time in the Magazine.

When sending checks or Money Orders
intended for this Department, please do
not make them payable to "U. P. Board
of Publication." We are not the *Board
of Publication*, we are the *Literature
Department of the Women's Board*.
Make all checks and Money Orders pay-
able to "R. Elizabeth Milligan, Litera-
ture Secretary."



Mrs. E. L. Porter, our Associate Editor for India, has with much thought and great research, with the assistance of her co-laborers in the Mission of the Punjab, been able to give to the readers of the Women's Missionary Magazine this study of New India. We suggest the value of this number for future reference.

—Ed. Women's Missionary Magazine.



EMMA DEAN ANDERSON
GURDASPUR, INDIA
A Missionary Since 1881